

L E T T E R S.

VOL. III.

A

1548/520.

L E T T E R S

Of the Right Honourable

Lady M—Y W—Y M—E :

Written during her Travels in

EUROPE, ASIA, AND AFRICA,

T O

Persons of Distinction, Men of Letters, &c.
in different PARTS of EUROPE.

Which contain, among other curious Relations,

ACCOUNTS OF THE POLICY

A N D

MANNERS OF THE TURKS,

D R A W N F R O M

SOURCES that have been INACCESSIBLE

To other TRAVELLERS.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOLUME the THIRD.

L O N D O N :

Printed for B. DODD, and T. REILY.

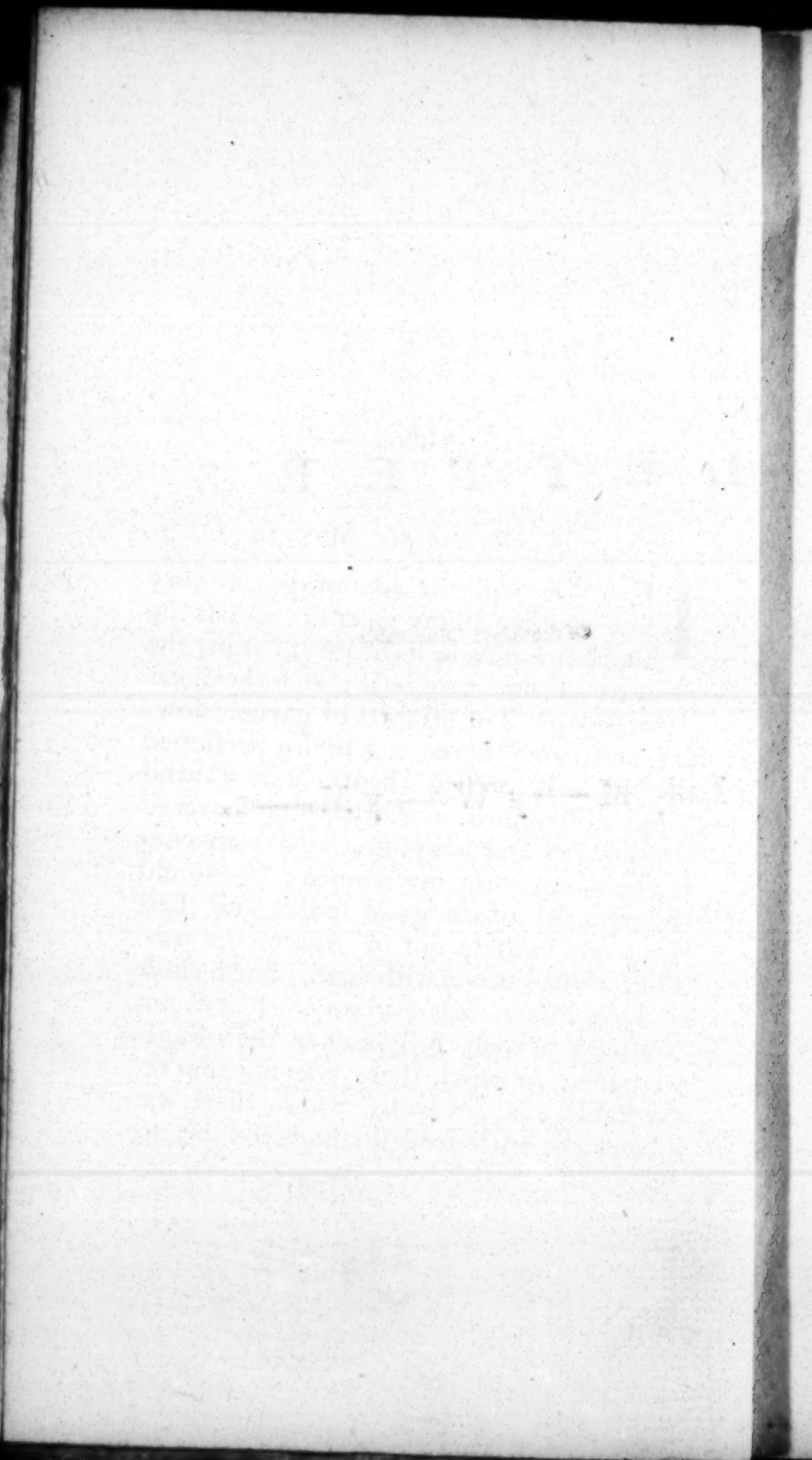
M. DCC. LXXI.



L E T T E R S

Of the Right Honourable

Lady M——y W——y M——e.



LETTER XXXV.

To the Abbot —

Constantinople, May 29. O. S.

I HAVE had the advantage of very fine weather all my journey; and as the summer is now in its beauty, I enjoy the pleasure of fine prospects; and the meadows being full of all sorts of garden flowers, and sweet herbs, my berlin perfumed the air as it pressed them. The Grand Signior furnished us with thirty covered waggons for our baggage, and five coaches of the country for my women. We found the road full of the great spahis and their equipages coming out of Asia to the war. They always travel with tents; but I chose to ly in houses all the way. I will not trouble you with the names of the villages we passed, in which there was nothing remarkable, but at Ciorlei, where there was a conac, or little seraglio, built for the use

of the Grand Signior, when he goes this road. I had the curiosity to view all the apartments destined for the ladies of his court. They were in the midst of a thick grove of trees made fresh by fountains; but I was most surpris'd to see the walls almost covered with little distiches of Turkish verse, wrote with pencils. I made my interpreter explain them to me, and I found several of them very well turned; tho' I easily believed him, that they had lost much of their beauty in the translation. One was literally thus in English:

We come into this world, we lodge, and we depart:

He never goes that's lodg'd within my heart.

The rest of our journey was through fine painted meadows, by the side of the sea of Marmora, the ancient Propontis. We lay the next night at Selivrea, anciently a noble town. It is now a good seaport, and neatly built enough, and has a bridge of thirty two arches. Here is a famous ancient Greek church. I had given one of my coaches to a Greek lady, who desired the conveniency of travelling with me; she designed to pay her devotions, and I was glad of the opportunity of going with

her. I found it an ill-built edifice, set out with the same sort of ornaments, but less rich, as the Roman-catholic churches. They shewed me a saint's body, where I threw a piece of money; and a picture of the Virgin Mary, drawn by the hand of St Luke, very little to the credit of his painting; but, however, the finest Madona of Italy is not more famous for her miracles. The Greeks have a monstrous taste in their pictures, which, for more finery, are always drawn upon a gold ground. You may imagine what a good air this has; but they have no notion either of shade or proportion. They have a bishop here, who officiated in his purple robe, and sent me a candle almost as big as myself for a present, when I was at my lodging. We lay that night at a town called *Bujuk Cekmege*, or *Great Bridge*; and the night following, at *Kujuk Cekmege*, or *Little Bridge*, in a very pleasant lodging, formerly a monastery of Dervises, having before it a large court, encompassed with marble cloisters, with a good fountain in the middle. The prospect from this place and the gardens round it, is the most agreeable I have seen; and shews that

monks, of all religions, know how to chuse their retirements. 'Tis now belonging to a *bogia* or schoolmaster, who teaches boys here. I asked him to shew me his own apartment, and was surpris'd to see him point to a tall cypress tree in the garden, on the top of which was a place for a bed for himself, and a little lower, one for his wife and two children, who slept there every night. I was so much diverted with the fancy, I resolv'd to examine his nest nearer; but after going up fifty steps, I found I had still fifty to go up, and then I must climb from branch to branch, with some hazard of my neck. I thought it, therefore, the best way to come down again.

We arriv'd the next day at Constantinople; but I can yet tell you very little of it, all my time having been taken up with receiving visits, which are, at least, a very good entertainment to the eyes, the young women being all beauties, and their beauty highly improved by the high taste of their dress. Our palace is in Pera, which is no more a suburb of Constantinople, than Westminster is a suburb to London. All the ambassadors are lodged

very near each other. One part of our house shews us the port, the city, and the seraglio, and the distant hills of Asia; perhaps, all together, the most beautiful prospect in the world.

A certain French author says, Constantinople is twice as big as Paris. Mr W---y is unwilling to own 'tis bigger than London, though I confess it appears to me to be so; but I don't believe it is so populous. The burying fields about it are certainly much larger than the whole city. 'Tis surprising what a vast deal of land is lost this way in Turkey. Sometimes I have seen burying places of several miles belonging to very inconsiderable villages, which were formerly great towns, and retain no other mark of their ancient grandeur than this dismal one. On no occasion do they ever remove a stone that serves for a monument. Some of them are costly enough, being of very fine marble. They set up a pillar with a carved turban on the top of it, to the memory of a man; and as the turbans, by their different shapes, shew the quality or profession, 'tis in a manner putting up the arms of the deceased. Besides, the pillar commonly

bears an inscription in gold letters. The ladies have a simple pillar, without other ornament, except those that die unmarried, who have a rose on the top of their monument. The sepulchres of particular families are railed in, and planted round with trees. Those of the Sultans, and some great men, have lamps constantly burning in them.

When I spoke of their religion, I forgot to mention two particularities, one of which I have read of, but it seemed so odd to me, I could not believe it; yet 'tis certainly true; that when a man has divorced his wife, in the most solemn manner, he can take her again upon no other terms, than permitting another man to pass a night with her; and there are some examples of those who have submitted to this law, rather than not have back their beloved. The other point of doctrine is very extraordinary. Any woman that dies unmarried, is looked upon to die in a state of reprobation. To confirm this belief, they reason, that the end of the creation of woman, is to increase and multiply; and that she is only properly employed in the works of her calling, when she is bringing forth

children, or taking care of them, which are all the virtues that God expects from her. And indeed, their way of life, which shuts them out of all public commerce, does not permit them any other. Our vulgar notion, that they don't own women to have any souls, is a mistake. 'Tis true, they say, they are not of so elevated a kind, and therefore must not hope to be admitted into the paradise appointed for the men, who are to be entertained by celestial beauties. But there is a place of happiness destined for souls of the inferior order, where all good women are to be in eternal bliss. Many of them are very superstitious, and will not remain widows ten days, for fear of dying in the reprobate state of a useless creature. But those that like their liberty, and are not slaves to their religion, content themselves with marrying when they are afraid of dying. This is a piece of theology very different from that which teaches nothing to be more acceptable to God, than a vow of perpetual virginity: which divinity is most rational, I leave you to determine.

I have already made some progress in a collection of Greek medals. Here are

several professed antiquaries, who are ready to serve any body that desires them. But you cannot imagine how they stare in my face, when I inquire about them, as if no body was permitted to seek after medals, till they were grown a piece of antiquity themselves. I have got some very valuable ones of the Macedonian kings, particularly one of Perseus, so lively, I fancy I can see all his ill qualities in his face. I have a Porphyry head finely cut, of the true Greek sculpture; but who it represents, is to be guessed at by the learned when I return. For you are not to suppose these antiquaries (who are all Greeks) know any thing. Their trade is only to sell; they have correspondents at Aleppo, Grand Cairo, in Arabia, and Palestine, who send them all they can find, and very often great heaps, that are only fit to melt into pans and kettles. They get the best price they can for any of them, without knowing those that are valuable, from those that are not. Those that pretend to skill, generally find out the image of some saint in the medals of the Greek cities. One of them, shewing me the figure of a Pallas, with a victory in her hand on a reverse,

assured me it was the Virgin holding a crucifix. The same man offered me the head of a Socrates, on a fardonix; and, to enhance the value, gave him the title of saint Augustine. I have bespoke a mummy, which I hope will come safe to my hands, notwithstanding the misfortune that befel a very fine one designed for the King of Sweden. He gave a great price for it, and the Turks took it into their heads, that he must have some considerable project depending upon it. They fancied it the body of, God knows who, and that the state of their empire mystically depended on the conservation of it. Some old prophecies were remembered upon this occasion, and the mummy committed prisoner to the Seven Towers, where it has remained under close confinement ever since. I dare not try my interest in so considerable a point as the release of it; but I hope mine will pass without examination. I can tell you nothing more at present of this famous city. When I have looked a little about me, you shall hear from me again. I am, Sir,

Yours, &c. &c.

LETTER XXXVI.

TO MR POPE.

Belgrade Village, June 17. O. S.

I HOPE, before this time, you have received two or three of my letters. I had yours but yesterday, though dated the third of February, in which you suppose me to be dead and buried. I have already let you know that I am still alive; but to say truth, I look upon my present circumstances to be exactly the same with those of departed spirits. The heats of Constantinople have driven me to this place, which perfectly answers the description of the Elysian fields. I am in the middle of a wood, consisting chiefly of fruit-trees, watered by a vast number of fountains, famous for the excellency of their water, and divided into many shady walks, upon short grass, that seems to me artificial, but I am assured is the pure work of Nature—with-

in view of the Black-sea, from whence we perpetually enjoy the refreshment of cool breezes, that make us insensible of the heat of the summer. The village is only inhabited by the richest amongst the Christians, who meet every night at a fountain, forty paces from my house, to sing and dance. The beauty and dress of the women exactly resemble the ideas of the ancient nymphs, as they are given us by the representations of the poets and painters. But what persuades me more fully of my decease, is the situation of my own mind, the profound ignorance I am in of what passes among the living (which only comes to me by chance) and the great calmness with which I receive it. Yet I have still a hankering after my friends and acquaintances left in the world, according to the authority of that admirable author:

That spirits departed are wondrous kind

To friends and relations left behind :

Which nobody can deny.

Of which solemn truth, I am a *dead* instance. I think Virgil is of the same opinion, that in human souls there will still be some remains of human passions :

VOL. III.

C

—“*Curæ non ipsæ in morte relinquunt.*”

And 'tis very necessary, to make a perfect Elysium, that there should be a river Lethe, which I am not so happy as to find. To say truth, I am sometimes very weary of the singing and dancing, and sun-shine, and wish for the smoke and impertinencies in which you toil; though I endeavour to persuade myself, that I live in more agreeable variety than you do; and that Monday, setting of partridges; Tuesday, reading English; Wednesday, studying in the Turkish language, (in which, by the way, I am already very learned;) Thursday, classical authors; Friday, spent in writing; Saturday, at my needle; and Sunday, admitting of visits, and hearing of music, is a better way of disposing of the week, than Monday, at the drawing-room; Tuesday, lady Mohun's; Wednesday, at the opera; Thursday, the play; Friday, Mrs Chetwynd's, &c. a perpetual round of hearing the same scandal, and seeing the same follies acted over and over, which here affect me no more than they do other dead people. I can now hear of displeasing things with pity, and without indignation. The

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reflection of the great gulph between you and me, cools all news that come hither. I can neither be sensibly touched with joy or grief, when I consider, that possibly the cause of either is removed, before the letter comes to my hands. But (as I said before) this indolence does not extend to my few friendships; I am still warmly sensible of yours and Mr Congreve's, and desire to live in your remembrance, though dead to all the world beside.

I am, &c. &c.

L E T T E R XXXVII.

To the Lady —

Belgrade Village, June 17. O. S.

I HEARTILY beg your Ladyship's pardon; but I really could not forbear laughing heartily at your letter, and the commissions you are pleased to honour me with. You desire me to buy you a Greek slave, who is to be mistress of a thousand

good qualities. The Greeks are subjects, and not slaves. Those who are to be bought in that manner, are either such as are taken in war, or stolen by the Tartars from Russia, Circassia, or Georgia, and are such miserable awkward poor wretches, you would not think any of them worthy to be your house-maids. 'Tis true, that many thousands were taken in the Morea; but they have been most of them redeemed by the charitable contribution of the Christians, or ransomed by their own relations at Venice. The fine slaves that wait upon the great ladies, or serve the pleasures of the great men, are all bought at the age of eight or nine years old, and educated with great care, to accomplish them in singing, dancing, embroidery, &c. They are commonly Circassians, and their patron never sells them, except it is as a punishment for some very great fault. If ever they grow weary of them, they either present them to a friend, or give them their freedom. Those that are exposed to sale at the markets, are always either guilty of some crime, or so entirely worthless, that they are of no use at all. I am afraid you will doubt the truth of this account, which

I own is very different from our common notions in England, but it is no less truth for all that. Your whole letter is full of mistakes from one end to the other. I see you have taken your ideas of Turkey from that worthy author Dumont, who has wrote with equal ignorance and confidence. 'Tis a particular pleasure to me here, to read the voyages to the Levant, which are generally so far removed from truth, and so full of absurdities. I am very well diverted with them. They never fail giving you an account of the women, whom, 'tis certain, they never saw, and talking very wisely of the genius of the men, into whose company they are never admitted; and very often describe mosques which they dare not even peep into. The Turks are very proud, and will not converse with a stranger, they are not assured is considerable in his own country. I speak of the men of distinction; for as to the ordinary fellows, you may imagine what ideas their conversation can give of the general genius of the people.

As to the balm of Mecca, I will certainly send you some; but it is not so easily got as you suppose it, and I cannot in con-

science advise you to make use of it. I know not how it comes to have such universal applause. All the ladies of my acquaintance at London and Vienna, have begged me to send pots of it to them. I have had a present of a small quantity (which I'll assure you is very valuable) of the best sort, and with great joy applied it to my face, expecting some wonderful effect to my advantage. The next morning, the change indeed was wonderful; my face was swelled to a very extraordinary size, and all over as red as my Lady H——'s. It remained in this lamentable state three days, during which you may be sure I passed my time very ill. I believed it would never be otherwise; and, to add to my mortification, Mr W——y reproached my indiscretion, without ceasing. However, my face is since *in statu quo*; nay, I am told by the ladies here, that it is much mended by the operation, which I confess I cannot perceive in my looking-glass. Indeed, if one was to form an opinion of this balm from their faces, one should think very well of it. They all make use of it, and have the loveliest bloom in the world. For my part, I never

intend to endure the pain of it again, let my complexion take its natural course, and decay in its own due time. I have very little esteem for medicines of this nature; but do as you please, Madam; only remember before you use it, that your face will not be such as you will care to shew in the drawing-room for some days after. If one was to believe the women in this country, there is a surer way of making one's self beloved, than by becoming handsome, though you know that's our method. But they pretend to the knowledge of secrets, that, by way of enchantment, give them the entire empire over whom they please. For me, who am not very apt to believe in wonders, I cannot find faith for this. I disputed the point last night with a lady, who really talks very sensibly on any other subject; but she was downright angry with me, in that she did not perceive she had persuaded me of the truth of forty stories she told me of this kind; and at last mentioned several ridiculous marriages, that there could be no other reason assigned for. I assured her, that in England, where we were entirely ignorant of all magic, where the climate is not half so

warm, nor the women half so handsome, we were not without our ridiculous marriages; and that we did not look upon it as any thing supernatural, when a man played the fool for the sake of a woman. But my arguments could not convince her against (as she said) her certain knowledge. To this she added, that she scrupled making use of charms herself; but that she could do it whenever she pleased; and, staring me in the face, said, (with a very learned air) that no enchantments would have their effects upon me; and that there were some people exempt from their power, but very few. You may imagine how I laughed at this discourse: but all the women are of the same opinion. They don't pretend to any commerce with the devil, but only that there are certain compositions adapted to inspire love. If one could send over a ship-load of them, I fancy it would be a very quick way of raising an estate. What would not some ladies of our acquaintance give for such merchandize? Adieu, my dear Lady ———. I cannot conclude my letter with a subject that affords more delightful scenes to the imagination. I leave you to figure to yourself

the extreme court that will be made to me, at my return, if my travels should furnish me with such a useful piece of learning. I am, dear Madam,

Yours, &c. &c.

L E T T E R XXXVIII.

To Mrs T—

Pera of Constantinople, Jan. 4. O. S.

I AM infinitely obliged to you, dear Mrs T-----, for your entertaining letter. You are the only one of my correspondents that have judged right enough, to think I would gladly be informed of the news amongst you. All the rest of them tell me, (almost in the same words) that they suppose I know every thing. Why they are pleased to suppose in this manner, I can guess no reason, except they are persuaded, that the breed of Mahomet's pigeons still subsists in this country, and that

I receive supernatural intelligence. I wish I could return your goodness with some diverting accounts from hence: but I know not what part of the scenes here would gratify your curiosity, or whether you have any curiosity at all for things so far distant. To say the truth, I am, at this present writing, not very much turned for the recollection of what is diverting, my head being wholly filled with the preparations necessary for the increase of my family, which I expect every day. You may easily guess at my uneasy situation. But I am, however, comforted in some degree, by the glory that accrues to me from it, and a reflection on the contempt I should otherwise fall under. You won't know what to make of this speech; but, in this country, 'tis more despicable to be married and not fruitful, than 'tis with us to be fruitful before marriage. They have a notion, that whenever a woman leaves off bringing forth children, 'tis because she is too old for that business, whatever her face says to the contrary. This opinion makes the ladies here so ready to make proofs of their youth, (which is as necessary, in order to be a *received beauty*, as

it is to shew the proofs of nobility, to be admitted *knights of Malta*) that they do not content themselves with using the natural means, but fly to all sorts of quackeries, to avoid the scandal of being past child-bearing, and often kill themselves by them. Without any exaggeration, all the women of my acquaintance have twelve or thirteen children; and the old ones boast of having had five and twenty or thirty a-piece, and are respected according to the number they have produced.----- When they are with child, 'tis their common expression to say, *They hope God will be so merciful as to send them two this time*; and when I have asked them sometimes, how they expected to provide for such a flock as they desire? they answer, that the plague will certainly kill half of them; which, indeed, generally happens, without much concern to the parents, who are satisfied with the vanity of having brought forth so plentifully. The French Ambassadress is forced to comply with this fashion as well as myself. She has not been here much above a year, and has lain in once, and is big again. What is most wonderful, is, the exemption they seem to

enjoy from the curse entailed on the sex. They see all company the day of their delivery, and, at the fortnight's end, return visits, set out in their jewels and new cloaths. I wish I may find the influence of the climate in this particular. But I fear I shall continue an English woman in that affair, as well as I do in my dread of fire and plague, which are two things very little feared here. Most families have had their houses burnt down once or twice, occasioned by their extraordinary way of warming themselves, which is neither by chimnies nor stoves, but by a certain machine called a *tendour*, the height of two feet, in the form of a table, covered with a fine carpet or embroidery. This is made only of wood, and they put into it a small quantity of hot ashes, and sit with their legs under the carpet. At this table they work, read, and very often sleep; and, if they chance to dream, and kick down the *tendour*, the hot ashes commonly set the house on fire. There were five hundred houses burnt in this manner about a fortnight ago, and I have seen several of the owners since, who seem not at all moved at so common a misfortune. They put

their goods into a *bark*, and see their houses burn with great philosophy, their persons being very seldom endangered, having no stairs to descend.

But having entertained you with things I don't like, 'tis but just I should tell you something that pleases me. The climate is delightful in the extremest degree. I am now sitting, this present fourth of January, with the windows open, enjoying the warm shine of the sun, while you are freezing over a sad sea-coal fire; and my chamber is set out with carnations, roses, and jonquils, fresh from my garden. I am also charmed with many points of the Turkish law, to our shame be it spoken, better designed, and better executed than ours; particularly the punishment of convicted liars (triumphant criminals in our country, God knows). They are burnt in the forehead with a hot iron, when they are proved the authors of any notorious falsehoods. How many white foreheads should we see disfigured! How many fine gentlemen would be forced to wear their wigs as low as their eye-brows, were this law in practice with us! I should go on to tell you many other parts of justice, but I must send for my midwife.

LETTER XXXIX.

To the Countess of —

Pera of Constantinople, March 10. O. S.

I HAVE not written to you, dear sister, these many months----- a great piece of self-denial. But I know not where to direct, or what part of the world you are in. I have received no letter from you since that short note of April last, in which you tell me, that you are on the point of leaving England, and promise me a direction for the place you stay in; but I have, in vain, expected it till now, and now I only learn from the Gazette, that you are returned, which induces me to venture this letter to your house at London. I had rather ten of my letters should be lost, than you imagine I don't write; and I think it is hard fortune, if one in ten don't reach you. However, I am resolved to keep the copies, as testimonies of my inclination to give you, to the utmost of my

power, all the diverting part of my travels, while you are exempt from all the fatigues and inconveniencies.

In the first place then, I wish you joy of your niece; for I was brought to bed of a daughter * five weeks ago. I don't mention this as one of my diverting adventures; though I must own, that it is not half so mortifying here as in England; there being as much difference, as there is between a little cold in the head, which sometimes happens here, and the consumption cough so common in London. No body keeps their house a month for lying in; and I am not so fond of any of our customs, as to retain them when they are not necessary. I returned my visits at three weeks end, and about four days ago crossed the sea, which divides this place from Constantinople, to make a new one, where I had the good fortune to pick up many curiosities. I went to see the Sultana Hafiten, favourite of the late Emperor Mustapha, who, you know, (or perhaps you don't know) was deposed by his brother, the reigning Sultan, and died a few weeks after, being poisoned, as it was generally believed.

* The present Countess of Bute.

This lady was, immediately after his death, saluted with an absolute order to leave the seraglio, and chuse herself a husband among the great men at the Porte. I suppose you may imagine her overjoyed at this proposal. — Quite the contrary. — These women, who are called, and esteem themselves queens, look upon this liberty as the greatest disgrace and affront that can happen to them. She threw herself at the Sultan's feet, and begged him to poniard her, rather than use his brother's widow with that contempt. She represented to him, in agonies of sorrow, that she was privileged from this misfortune, by having brought five princes into the Ottoman family; but all the boys being dead, and only one girl surviving, this excuse was not received, and she was compelled to make her choice. She chose Bekir Effendi, then secretary of state, and above four-score years old, to convince the world that she firmly intended to keep the vow she had made, of never suffering a second husband to approach her bed; and since she must honour some subject so far as to be called his wife, she would chuse him as a mark of her gratitude, since

it was he that had presented her, at the age of ten years, to her last lord; but she never permitted him to pay her one visit, though it is now fifteen years she has been in his house, where she passes her time in uninterrupted mourning, with a constancy very little known in Christendom, especially in a widow of one and twenty, for she is now but thirty-six. She has no black eunuchs for her guard, her husband being obliged to respect her as a queen, and not to inquire at all into what is done in her apartment.

I was led into a large room, with a sofa the whole length of it, adorned with white marble pillars like a *ruelle*, covered with pale blue figured velvet, on a silver ground, with cushions of the same, where I was desired to repose till the Sultana appeared, who had contrived this manner of reception, to avoid rising up at my entrance, though she made me an inclination of her head, when I rose up to her. I was very glad to observe a lady that had been distinguished by the favour of an Emperor, to whom beauties were every day presented from all parts of the world. But she did not seem to me to have ever been half so beautiful as the fair Fatima I saw at

Adrianople, though she had the remains of a fine face, more decayed by sorrow than time. But her dress was something so surprisingly rich, that I cannot forbear describing it to you. She wore a vest called *dualma*, which differs from a *castan* by longer sleeves, and folding over at the bottom. It was of purple cloth, strait to her shape, and thick set, on each side, down to her feet, and round the sleeves, with pearls of the best water, of the same size as their buttons commonly are. You must not suppose, that I mean as large as those of my Lord —, but about the bigness of a pea; and to these buttons large loops of diamonds, in the form of those gold loops, so common on birth-day coats. This habit was tied, at the waist, with two large tassels of smaller pearls, and round the arm embroidered with large diamonds. Her shift was fastened at the bottom with a great diamond, shaped like a lozenge; her girdle as broad as the broadest English riband, entirely covered with diamonds. Round her neck she wore three chains, which reached to her knees; one of large pearl, at the bottom of which hung a fine coloured emerald, as big as a Turkey-egg; another, consisting of two hundred eme-

ralds, close joined together, of the most lively green, perfectly matched, every one as large as a half-crown piece, and as thick as three crown pieces, and another of small emeralds, perfectly round. But her earrings eclipsed all the rest. They were two diamonds shaped exactly like pears, as large as a big hazle nut. Round her *talpoche* she had four strings of pearl——the whitest and most perfect in the world, at least enough to make four necklaces, every one as large as the Duchess of Marlborough's, and of the same shape, fastened with two roses, consisting of a large ruby for the middle stone, and round them twenty drops of clean diamonds to each. Besides this, her head-dress was covered with bodkins of emeralds and diamonds. She wore large diamond bracelets, and had five rings on her fingers (except Mr Pitt's) the largest I ever saw in my life. 'Tis for jewellers to compute the value of these things; but, according to the common estimation of jewels in our part of the world, her whole dress must be worth a hundred thousand pounds Sterling. This I am sure of, that no European queen has half the quantity, and the Empress's jewels, though

very fine, would look very mean near her's. She gave me a dinner of fifty dishes of meat, which (after their fashion) were placed on the table but one at a time, and was extremely tedious. But the magnificence of her table answered very well to that of her dress. The knives were of gold, and the hafts set with diamonds. But the piece of luxury which grieved my eyes, was the table-cloth and napkins, which were all tiffany embroidered with silk and gold, in the finest manner, in natural flowers. It was with the utmost regret that I made use of these costly napkins, which were as finely wrought as the finest handkerchiefs that ever came out of this country. You may be sure, that they were entirely spoiled before dinner was over. The sherbet (which is the liquor they drink at meals) was served in china bowls; but the covers and salvers massy gold. After dinner, water was brought in gold basons, and towels of the same kind with the napkins, which I very unwillingly wiped my hands upon, and coffee was served in china, with gold *soucoups* *.

* Saucers.

The Sultana seemed in a very good humour, and talked to me with the utmost civility. I did not omit this opportunity of learning all that I possibly could of the *seraglio*, which is so entirely unknown amongst us. She assured me that the story of the Sultan's *throwing a handkerchief*, is altogether fabulous; and the manner, upon that occasion, no other than this: He sends the *kyskir aga*, to signify to the lady the honour he intends her. She is immediately complimented upon it by the others, and led to the bath, where she is perfumed and dressed in the most magnificent and becoming manner. The Emperor precedes his visit by a royal present, and then comes into her apartment: neither is there any such thing as her creeping in at the bed's foot. She said, that the first he made choice of, was always after the first in rank, and not the mother of the eldest son, as other writers would make us believe. Sometimes the Sultan diverts himself in the company of all his ladies, who stand in a circle round him. And she confessed, they were ready to die with envy and jealousy of the *happy she*, that he distinguished by any appearance of preference. But this

seemed to me neither better nor worse than the circles in most courts, where the glance of the monarch is watched, and every smile is waited for with impatience, and envied by those who cannot obtain it.

She never mentioned the Sultan without tears in her eyes, yet she seemed very fond of the discourse. "My past happiness," said she, "appears a dream to me. Yet "I cannot forget that I was beloved by "the greatest and most lovely of mankind. "I was chosen from all the rest, to make "all his campaigns with him; and I would "not survive him, if I was not passionately "fond of the princess my daughter. Yet "all my tenderness for her was hardly "enough to make me preserve my life. "When I left him, I passed a whole twelve-month without seeing the light. Time "has softened my despair; yet I now pass "some days every week in tears, devoted "to the memory of my Sultan." There was no affectation in these words. It was easy to see she was in a deep melancholy, though her good humour made her willing to divert me.

She asked me to walk in her garden, and one of her slaves immediately brought

her a *pellice* of rich brocade lined with fables. I waited on her into the garden, which had nothing in it remarkable but the fountains; and from thence she shewed me all her apartments. In her bed-chamber, her toilet was displayed, consisting of two looking-glasses, the frames covered with pearls, and her night *talpoche* set with bodkins of jewels, and near it three vests of fine fables, every one of which is at least worth a thousand dollars; (two hundred pounds English money.) I don't doubt but these rich habits were purposely placed in sight, though they seemed negligently thrown on the sofa. When I took my leave of her, I was complimented with perfumes as at the Grand Vizier's, and presented with a very fine embroidered handkerchief. Her slaves were to the number of thirty, besides ten little ones, the eldest not above seven years old. These were the most beautiful girls I ever saw, all richly dressed; and I observed that the Sultana took a great deal of pleasure in these lovely children, which is a vast expence; for there is not a handsome girl of that age to be bought under a hundred pounds Sterling. They wore little gar-

lands of flowers, and their own hair braided, which was all their head-dress; but their habits were all of gold stuffs. These served her coffee kneeling; brought water when she washed, &c. 'Tis a great part of the work of the older slaves to take care of these young girls, to learn them to embroider, and to serve them as carefully as if they were children of the family. Now do you imagine I have entertained you all this while, with a relation that has at least received many embellishments from my hand? This you will say is but too like the Arabian tales. These embroidered napkins! and a jewel as large as a Turkey's egg!—You forget, dear sister, those very tales were written by an author of this country, and (excepting the enchantments) are a real representation of the manners here. We travellers are in very hard circumstances: if we say nothing but what has been said before us, “we are dull, and we have observed nothing.” If we tell any thing new, we are laughed at as “fabulous and romantic,” not allowing either for the difference of ranks, which affords difference of company, or more curiosity, or the change of customs

that happen every twenty years in every country. But the truth is, people judge of travellers exactly with the same candour, good nature, and impartiality, they judge of their neighbours upon all occasions. For my part, if I live to return amongst you, I am so well acquainted with the morals of all my dear friends and acquaintances, that I am resolved to tell them nothing at all, to avoid the imputation (which their charity would certainly incline them to) of my telling too much. But I depend upon your knowing me enough, to believe whatever I seriously assert for truth; tho' I give you leave to be surpris'd at an account so new to you. But what would you say if I told you, that I have been in a haram, where the winter apartment was wainscoted with inlaid work of mother of pearl, ivory of different colours, and olive wood, exactly like the little boxes you have seen brought out of this country; and in whose rooms designed for summer, the walls are all crusted with Japan china, the roofs gilt, and the floors spread with the finest Persian carpets? Yet there is nothing more true; such is the palace of my lovely friend the fair Fatima, whom I was acquaint-

ted with at Adrianople. I went to visit her yesterday; and, if possible, she appeared to me handsomer than before. She met me at the door of her chamber, and giving me her hand with the best grace in the world; You Christian ladies (said she with a smile that made her as beautiful as an angel) have the reputation of inconstancy; and I did not expect, whatever goodness you expressed for me at Adrianople, that I should ever see you again. But I am now convinced that I have really the happiness of pleasing you; and if you knew how I speak of you amongst our ladies, you would be assured, that you do me justice in making me your friend. She placed me in the corner of the sofa, and I spent the afternoon in her conversation, with the greatest pleasure in the world.-----The Sultana Hasten is, what one would naturally expect to find a Turkish lady, willing to oblige, but not knowing how to go about it; and 'tis easy to see, in her manner, that she has lived excluded from the world; but Fatima has all the politeness and good breeding of a court, with an air that inspires at once respect and tenderness; and now that I understand her language, I

find her wit as agreeable as her beauty. She is very curious after the manners of other countries, and has not the partiality for her own, so common to little minds. A Greek that I carried with me, who had never seen her before, (nor could have been admitted now, if she had not been in my train,) shewed that surprise at her beauty and manner, which is unavoidable at the first sight, and said to me in Italian, —“ This is no Turkish lady, she is certainly some Christian.”---Fatima guessed she spoke of her, and asked what she said. I would not have told her, thinking she would have been no better pleased with the compliment, than one of our court beauties to be told she had the air of a Turk. But the Greek lady told it to her; and she smiled, saying, “ It is not the first time I have heard so; my mother was a Poloneze, taken at the siege of Caminieć; and my father used to rally me, saying, He believed his Christian wife had found some Christian gallant; for that I had not the air of a Turkish girl.”----I assured her, that if all the Turkish ladies were like her, it was absolutely necessary to confine them from public view, for the repose of mankind;

and proceeded to tell her, what a noise such a face as hers would make in London or Paris. "I can't believe you," replied she agreeably; "if beauty was so much valued in your country as you say, they would never have suffered you to leave it."--Perhaps, dear sister, you laugh at my vanity in repeating this compliment; but I only do it, as I think it very well turned, and give it you as an instance of the spirit of her conversation. Her house was magnificently furnished, and very well fancied; her winter rooms being furnished with figured velvet, on gold grounds; and those for summer, with fine Indian quilting embroidered with gold. The houses of the great Turkish ladies are kept clean with as much nicety as those in Holland. This was situated in a high part of the town; and from the window of her summer apartment, we had the prospect of the sea, the islands, and the Asian mountains.-----My letter is insensibly grown so long, I am ashamed of it. This is a very bad symptom. 'Tis well if I don't degenerate into a downright story-teller. It may be our proverb, that *knowledge is no burden*, may be true, as to one's self; but knowing too

much is very apt to make us troublesome to other people.

I am, &c. &c.

L E T T E R XL.

To the Lady —

Pera, March 16, O. S.

I AM extremely pleased, my dear Lady, that you have, at length, found a commission for me that I can answer, without disappointing your expectations; though I must tell you, that it is not so easy as perhaps you think it; and that if my curiosity had not been more diligent than any other stranger's has ever yet been, I must have answered you with an excuse, as I was forced to do, when you desired me to buy you a Greek slave. I have got for you, as you desire, a Turkish love-letter, which I have put into a little box, and ordered the captain of the Smyrniote to deliver it to you with this letter. The translation of it is literally as follows:

The first piece you should pull out of the purse, is a little pearl, which is in Turkish called *Ingi*, and must be understood in this manner:

Ingi,	Sensin Uzellerin gingi
Pearl,	<i>Fairest of the young.</i>
Caremil,	Caremilzen cararen yok
Clove,	Conge gulfum timarin yok
	Benseny chok than severim
	Senin benden, haberin yok.

You are as slender as this clove!

You are an unblown rose!

I have long loved you, and you have not known it!

Pul,	Derdime derman bul
Jonquil,	<i>Have pity on my passion!</i>
Kihat,	Birlerum sahat sahut
Paper,	<i>I faint every hour!</i>
Ermus,	Ver bize bir umut
Pear,	<i>Give me some hope.</i>
Jabun,	Derdinden oldum zabun
Soap,	<i>I am sick with love.</i>
Chemur,	Ben oliyim size umur
Coal,	<i>May I die, and all my years be yours!</i>
Gul,	Ben aglarum sen gul
A rose,	<i>May you be pleased, and your sorrows mine!</i>

Hafir
A str
Jo he
Cloth

Tart
Cinna

Giro
A ma

Sirm
Gold

Satch
Hair

Uzun
Grap

Til,
Gold

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Hafir,	Oliim sana yazir
<i>A straw,</i>	<i>Suffer me to be your slave.</i>
Jo ho,	Ustune bulunmaz pahu
<i>Gloth,</i>	<i>Your price is not to be found.</i>
Tartlin,	Sen ghel ben chekeim senin hargin
<i>Cinnamon,</i>	<i>But my fortune is yours.</i>
Giro,	Esking ilen oldum ghira
<i>A match,</i>	<i>I burn! I burn! my flame consumes me!</i>
Sirma,	Uzun benden a yirma
<i>Gold thread,</i>	<i>Don't turn away your face.</i>
Satch,	Bazmazun tatch
<i>Hair,</i>	<i>Crown of my head!</i>
Uzum,	Penim iki Guzum
<i>Grape,</i>	<i>My eyes!</i>
Til,	Ulugorum tez ghel
<i>Gold-wire,</i>	<i>I die——come quickly.</i>

And by way of postscript :

Beber,	Bize bir dogm haber
<i>Pepper,</i>	<i>Send me an answer.</i>

You see this letter is all in verse, and I can assure you, there is as much fancy shewn in the choice of them, as in the most studied expressions of our letters; there being, I believe, a million of verses designed for this use. There is no colour,

no flower, no weed, no fruit, herb, pebble, or feather, that has not a verse belonging to it; and you may quarrel, reproach, or send letters of passion, friendship, or civility, or even of news, without ever inking your fingers.

I fancy you are now wondering at my profound learning; but alas! dear Madam, I am almost fallen into the misfortune so common to the ambitious; while they are employed on distant insignificant conquests abroad, a rebellion starts up at home;---- I am in great danger of losing my English. I find 'tis not half so easy to me to write in it, as it was a twelvemonth ago. I am forced to study for expressions, and must leave off all other languages, to try to learn my mother tongue.----Human understanding is as much limited as human power, or human strength. The memory can retain but a certain number of images; and 'tis as impossible for one human creature to be perfect master of ten different languages, as to have, in perfect subjection, ten different kingdoms, or to fight against ten men at a time. I am afraid I shall at last know none as I should do. I live in a place that very well represents the tower

of Babel: in Pera they speak Turkish, Greek, Hebrew, Armenian, Arabic, Persian, Russian, Slavonian, Walachian, German, Dutch, French, English, Italian, Hungarian; and what is worse, there are ten of these languages spoken in my own family. My grooms are Arabs, my footmen French, English, and Germans; my nurse an Armenian, my house-maids Russians; half a dozen other servants Greeks; my steward an Italian, my janizaries Turks; so that I live in the perpetual hearing of this medley of sounds, which produces a very extraordinary effect upon the people that are born here; for they learn all these languages at the same time, and without knowing any of them well enough to write or read in it. There are very few men, women, or even children here, that have not the same compass of words in five or six of them. I know, myself, several infants of three or four years old, that speak Italian, French, Greek, Turkish and Russian, which last they learn of their nurses, who are generally of that country. This seems almost incredible to you, and is, in my mind, one of the most curious things in this country, and takes off very much

from the merit of our ladies, who set up for such extraordinary geniuses, upon the credit of some superficial knowledge of French and Italian.

As I prefer the English to all the rest, I am extremely mortified at the daily decay of it in my head, where I'll assure you (with grief of heart) it is reduced to such a small number of words, I cannot recollect any tolerable phrase to conclude my letter with, and am forced to tell your Ladyship very bluntly, that I am,

Your faithful humble servant.

L E T T E R XLI.

To the Countess of B——

AT length I have heard from my dear Lady B——, for the first time. I am persuaded you have had the goodness to write before, but I have had the ill fortune to lose your letters. Since my last, I

have staid quietly at Constantinople, a city that I ought in conscience to give your Ladyship a right notion of, since I know you can have none but what is partial and mistaken from the writings of travellers. 'Tis certain there are many people that pass years here in Pera, without having ever seen it, and yet they all pretend to describe it. Pera, Tophana, and Galata, wholly inhabited by French Christians (and which together make the appearance of a very fine town) are divided from it by the sea, which is not above half so broad as the broadest part of the Thames; but the Christian men are loath to hazard the adventures they sometimes meet with amongst the *levants* or seamen, (worse monsters than our water-men); and the women must cover their faces to go there, which they have a perfect aversion to do. 'Tis true, they wear veils in Pera, but they are such as only serve to shew their beauty to more advantage, and would not be permitted in Constantinople. These reasons deter almost every creature from seeing it; and the French ambassadress will return to France (I believe) without ever having been there. You'll wonder, Ma-

dam, to hear me add, that I have been there very often. The *asmack*, or Turkish veil, is become not only very easy, but agreeable to me; and, if it was not, I would be content to endure some inconveniency, to gratify a passion that is become so powerful with me, as curiosity. And, indeed, the pleasure of going in a barge to Chelsea, is not comparable to that of rowing upon the canal of the sea here, where, for twenty miles together, down the Bosporus, the most beautiful variety of prospects present themselves. The Asian side is covered with fruit trees, villages, and the most delightful landscapes in nature; on the European, stands Constantinople, situated on seven hills.——The unequal heights make it seem as large again as it is (though one of the largest cities in the world) shewing an agreeable mixture of gardens, pine and cypress trees, palaces, mosques, and public buildings, raised one above another with as much beauty and appearance of symmetry, as your Ladyship ever saw in a cabinet, adorned by the most skilful hands, where jars shew themselves above jars, mixed with canisters, babies and candlesticks. This is a very odd com-

parifon; but it gives me an exact idea of the thing. I have taken care to fee as much of the feraglio as is to be feen. It is on a point of land running into the fea; a palace of prodigious extent, but very irregular. The gardens take in a large compafs of ground, full of high cyprefs trees, which is all I know of them. The buildings are all of white ftone, leaded on top, with gilded turrets and fpires, which look very magnificent; and, indeed, I believe there is no Chriftian-king's palace half fo large. There are fix large courts in it, all built round, and fet with trees, having galleries of ftone; one of thefe for the guard, another for the flaves, another for the officers of the kitchen, another for the ftables, the fifth for the divan, and the fixth for the apartment deftined for audiences. On the ladies fide, there are, at leaft, as many more, with diftinct courts belonging to their eunuchs and attendants, their kitchens, &c.

The next remarkable ftructure is that of St Sophia, which 'tis very difficult to fee. I was forced to fend three times to the *caimairan*, (the governor of the town) and he afsembled the chief *effendis* or heads of

the law, and enquired of the *musti*, whether it was lawful to permit it. They passed some days in this important debate; but I insisting on my request, permission was granted. I can't be informed why the Turks are more delicate on the subject of this mosque, than on any of the others, where what Christian pleases may enter without scruple. I fancy they imagine, that, having been once consecrated, people, on pretence of curiosity, might profane it with prayers, particularly to those saints, who are still very visible in Mosaic work, and no other way defaced but by the decays of time; for it is absolutely false, though so universally asserted, that the Turks defaced all the images that they found in the city. The dome of St Sophia is said to be one hundred and thirteen feet diameter, built upon arches, sustained by vast pillars of marble, the pavement and stair-case marble. There are two rows of galleries, supported with pillars of party-coloured marble, and the whole roof Mosaic work, part of which decays very fast, and drops down. They presented me a handful of it; its composition seems to me a sort of glass, or that

paste with which they make counterfeit jewels. They shew here the tomb of the Emperor Constantine, for which they have a great veneration.

This is a dull imperfect description of this celebrated building; but I understand architecture so little, that I am afraid of talking nonsense in endeavouring to speak of it particularly. Perhaps I am in the wrong, but some Turkish mosques please me better. That of Sultan Solyman, is an exact square, with four fine towers in the angles; in the midst is a noble cupola, supported with beautiful marble pillars; two lesser at the ends, supported in the same manner; the pavement and gallery round the mosque, of marble; under the great cupola, is a fountain, adorned with such fine coloured pillars, that I can hardly think them natural marble; on one side is the pulpit of white marble, and on the other the little gallery for the Grand Signior. A fine stair-case leads to it, and it is built up with gilded lattices. At the upper end is a sort of altar, where the name of God is written; and, before it, stand two candlesticks, as high as a man, with wax candles as thick as three flam-

beaux. The pavement is spread with fine carpets, and the mosque illuminated with a vast number of lamps. The court leading to it, is very spacious, with galleries of marble, of green columns, covered with twenty-eight leaded cupolas on two sides, and a fine fountain of basons in the midst of it.

This description may serve for all the mosques in Constantinople. The model is exactly the same, and they only differ in largeness and richness of materials. That of the Sultana Valida is the largest of all, built entirely of marble, the most prodigious, and, I think, the most beautiful structure I ever saw, be it spoke to the honour of our sex, for it was founded by the mother of Mahomet IV. Between friends, Paul's Church would make a pitiful figure near it; as any of our squares would do near the *atlerdan*, or place of horses, (*At* signifying a horse in Turkish). This was the *hippodrome*, in the reign of the Greek Emperors. In the midst of it is a brazen column, of three serpents twisted together, with their mouths gaping. 'Tis impossible to learn why so odd a pillar was erected; the Greeks can tell nothing but fabulous

legends, when they are asked the meaning of it, and there is no sign of its having ever had any inscription. At the upper end is an obelisk of porphyry, probably brought from Egypt, the hieroglyphics all very entire, which I look upon as mere ancient puns. It is placed on four little brazen pillars, upon a pedestal of square free-stone, full of figures in bas-relief on two sides; one square representing a battle, another an assembly. The others have inscriptions in Greek and Latin: the last I took in my pocket-book, and it is as follows:

“ Difficilis quondam, dominis parere serenis

“ Jassus, et extinctis palmam portare tyrannis

“ Omnia Theodosio cedunt, sobolique perenni.”

Your Lord will interpret these lines. Don't fancy they are a love-letter to him.

All the figures have their heads on; and I cannot forbear reflecting again on the impudence of authors, who all say they have not; but I dare swear the greatest part of them never saw them, but took the report from the Greeks, who resist, with incredible fortitude, the conviction of their own eyes, whenever they have invented lies to the dishonour of their enemies.

VOL. III.

H

Were you to believe them, there is nothing worth seeing in Constantinople, but Sancta Sophia, though there are several larger, and in my opinion more beautiful, mosques in that city. That of Sultan Achmet has this particularity, that its gates are of brass. In all these mosques there are little chapels, where are the tombs of the founders and their families, with wax candles burning before them.

The exchanges are all noble buildings, full of fine alleys, the greatest part supported with pillars, and kept wonderfully neat. Every trade has its distinct alley, where the merchandize is disposed in the same order as in the New Exchange at London. The *befisten*, or jewellers quarter, shews so much riches, such a vast quantity of diamonds, and all kinds of precious stones, that they dazzle the sight. The embroiderers is also very glittering, and people walk here as much for diversion as business. The markets are most of them handsome squares, and admirably well provided, perhaps better than in any other part of the world.

I know you'll expect I should say something particular of the slaves; and you

will imagine me half a Turk, when I don't speak of it with the same horror other Christians have done before me. But I cannot forbear applauding the humanity of the Turks to these creatures; they are never ill used, and their slavery is, in my opinion, no worse than servitude all over the world. 'Tis true they have no wages, but they give them yearly cloaths to a higher value than our salaries to our ordinary servants. But you'll object, that men buy women *with an eye to evil*. In my opinion, they are bought and sold as publicly and as infamously in all our Christian great cities.

I must add to the description of Constantinople, that the Historical Pillar is no more. It dropped down about two years before I came to this part of the world. I have seen no other footsteps of antiquity except the aqueducts, which are so vast, that I am apt to believe they are yet more ancient than the Greek empire. The Turks indeed have clapped in some stones with Turkish inscriptions, to give their natives the honour of so great a work, but the deceit is easily discovered. The other public buildings are the hanns and monaste-

ries ; the first are very large and numerous ; the second few in number, and not at all magnificent. I had the curiosity to visit one of them, and to observe the devotions of the Dervises, which are as whimsical as any at Rome. These fellows have permission to marry, but are confined to an odd habit, which is only a piece of coarse white cloth wrapped about them, with their legs and arms naked. Their order has few other rules, except that of performing their fantastic rites every Tuesday and Friday, which is done in this manner : they meet together in a large hall, where they all stand with their eyes fixed on the ground, and their arms across, while the *imaum* or preacher reads part of the Alcoran from the pulpit placed in the midst ; and when he has done, eight or ten of them make a melancholy concert with their pipes, which are no unmusical instruments. Then he reads again, and makes a short exposition on what he has read ; after which they sing and play, 'till their superior (the only one of them dressed in green) rises and begins a sort of solemn dance. They all stand about him in a regular figure ; and while some play, the

others tie their robe (which is very wide) fast round their waist, and begin to turn round with an amazing swiftness, and yet with great regard to the music, moving slower or faster as the tune is played. This lasts above an hour, without any of them shewing the least appearance of giddiness, which is not to be wondered at, when it is considered, they are all used to it from their infancy, most of them being devoted to this way of life from their birth. There turned amongst them some little Dervises, of six or seven years old, who seemed no more disordered by that exercise than the others. At the end of the ceremony they shoot out, "There is no other God but God, and Mahomet is his prophet;" after which they kiss the superior's hand and retire. The whole is performed with the most solemn gravity. Nothing can be more austere than the form of these people; they never raise their eyes, and seem devoted to contemplation. And as ridiculous as this is in description, there is something touching in the air of submission and mortification they assume. This letter is of a horrible length; but you may burn it when you have read enough, &c.

LETTER XLII.

To the Countess of —

I AM now preparing to leave Constantinople, and perhaps you will accuse me of hypocrisy, when I tell you 'tis with regret; but as I am used to the air, and have learnt the language, I am easy here; and as much as I love travelling, I tremble at the inconveniencies attending so great a journey, with a numerous family, and a little infant hanging at the breast. However, I endeavour, upon this occasion, to do, as I have hitherto done in all the odd turns of my life; turn them, if I can, to my diversion. In order to this, I ramble every day, wrapped up in my *serigee* and *asmack*, about Constantinople, and amuse myself with seeing all that is curious in it. I know you will expect that this declaration should be followed with some account of what I have seen. But I am in no hu-

mbur to copy what has been writ so often over. To what purpose should I tell you that Constantinople is the ancient Byzantium? that 'tis at present the conquest of a race of people, supposed Scythians? that there are five or six thousand mosques in it? that Sancta Sophia was founded by Justinian, &c. I'll assure you 'tis not for want of learning that I forbear writing all these bright things. I could also, with very little trouble, turn over Knolles and Sir Paul Rycant, to give you a list of Turkish emperors; but I will not tell you what you may find in every author that has writ of this country. I am more inclined, out of a true female spirit of contradiction, to tell you the falsehood of a great part of what you find in authors; as for instance, in the admirable Mr Hill, who so gravely asserts, that he saw, in Sancta Sophia, a sweating pillar, very balsamic for disordered heads. There is not the least tradition of any such matter; and I suppose it was revealed to him in vision, during his wonderful stay in the Ægyptian catacombs; for I am sure he never heard of any such miracle here. 'Tis also very pleasant to observe how tenderly he and

all his brethren voyage-writers, lament the miserable confinement of the Turkish ladies, who are perhaps more free than any ladies in the universe, and are the only women in the world that lead a life of uninterrupted pleasure, exempt from cares, their whole time being spent in visiting, bathing, or the agreeable amusement of spending money and inventing new fashions. A husband would be thought mad that exacted any degree of œconomy from his wife, whose expences are no way limited but by her own fancy. 'Tis his business to get money, and hers to spend it: and this noble prerogative extends itself to the very meanest of the sex. Here is a fellow that carries embroidered handkerchiefs upon his back to sell; and as miserable a figure as you may suppose such a mean dealer; yet I'll assure you, his wife scorns to wear any thing less than cloth of gold; has her ermine furs, and a very handsome set of jewels for the head. 'Tis true, they have no public places but the bagnios, and these can only be seen by their own sex; however, that is a diversion they take great pleasure in.

I was, three days ago, at one of the

finest in the town, and had the opportunity of seeing a Turkish bride received there, and all the ceremony used on that occasion, which made me recollect the epithalamium of Helen, by Theocritus; and it seems to me, that the same customs have continued ever since. All the she friends, relations and acquaintance of the two families, newly allied, meet at the bagnio; several others go out of curiosity, and I believe there were that day two hundred women. Those that were, or had been married, placed themselves round the rooms on the marble sofas; but the virgins very hastily threw off their cloaths, and appeared without other ornament or covering, than their own long hair braided with pearl or ribbon. Two of them met the bride at the door, conducted by her mother and another grave relation. She was a beautiful maid of about seventeen, very richly dressed, and shining with jewels, but was presently reduced to the state of nature. Two others filled silver gilt pots with perfume, and began the procession, the rest following in pairs, to the number of thirty. The leaders sung an epithalamium, answered by the others in chorus, and

the two last led the fair bride, her eyes fixed on the ground, with a charming affectation of modesty. In this order they marched round the three large rooms of the bagnio. 'Tis not easy to represent to you the beauty of this sight, most of them being well proportioned and white skinned; all of them perfectly smooth, and polished by the frequent use of bathing. After having made their tour, the bride was again led to every matron round the rooms, who saluted her with a compliment and a present, some of jewels, others of pieces of stuff, handkerchiefs, or little gallantries of that nature, which she thanked them for, by kissing their hands. I was very well pleased with having seen this ceremony; and you may believe me, that the Turkish ladies have, at least, as much wit and civility, nay liberty, as among us. 'Tis true, the same customs that give them so many opportunities of gratifying their evil inclinations (if they have any) also put it very fully in the power of their husbands to revenge themselves, if they are discovered; and I do not doubt but they suffer sometimes for their indiscretions in a very severe manner. About two months ago,

there was found at day break, not very far from my house, the bleeding body of a young woman, naked, only wrapped in a coarse sheet with two wounds of a knife, one in her side, and another in her breast. She was not quite cold, and was so surprisingly beautiful, that there were very few men in Pera that did not go to look upon her, but it was not possible for any body to know her, no woman's face being known. She was supposed to have been brought, in the dead of night, from the Constantinople side, and laid there. Very little inquiry was made about the murderer, and the corpse was privately buried without noise. Murder is never pursued by the king's officers, as with us. 'Tis the business of the next relations to revenge the dead person; and if they like better to compound the matter for money (as they generally do) there is no more said of it. One would imagine this defect in their government should make such tragedies very frequent, yet they are extremely rare; which is enough to prove the people not naturally cruel. Neither do I think, in many other particulars, they deserve the barbarous character we give them. I am

well acquainted with a Christian woman of quality, who made it her choice to live with a Turkish husband, and is a very agreeable sensible lady. Her story is so extraordinary, I cannot forbear relating it; but I promise you, it shall be in as few words as I can possibly express it.

She is a Spaniard, and was at Naples with her family, when that kingdom was part of the Spanish dominion. Coming from thence in a felucca, accompanied by her brother, they were attacked by the Turkish admiral, boarded and taken.— And now how shall I modestly tell you the rest of her adventure? The same accident happened to her, that happened to the fair Lucretia so many years before her. But she was too good a Christian to kill herself, as that heathenish Roman did. The Admiral was so much charmed with the beauty and long suffering of the fair captive, that, as his first compliment, he gave immediate liberty to her brother and attendants, who made haste to Spain, and in a few months sent the sum of four thousand pounds sterling as a ransom for his sister. The Turk took the money, which he presented to her, and told her

she was at liberty. But the lady very discreetly weighed the different treatment she was likely to find in her native country. Her relations (as the kindest thing they could do for her in her present circumstances) would certainly confine her to a nunnery for the rest of her days.—Her infidel lover was very handsome, very tender, very fond of her, and lavished at her feet all the Turkish magnificence. She answered him very resolutely, that her liberty was not so precious to her as her honour; that he could no way restore that but by marrying her; and she therefore desired him to accept the ransom as her portion, and give her the satisfaction of knowing, that no man could boast of her favours without being her husband. The Admiral was transported at this kind offer, and sent back the money to her relations, saying he was too happy in her possession. He married her, and never took any other wife, and (as she says herself) she never had reason to repent the choice she made. He left her, some years after, one of the richest widows in Constantinople. But there is no remaining honourably a single woman, and that consideration has obliged

her to marry the present Captain Bassia (*i. e.* admiral) his successor.—I am afraid that you will think my friend fell in love with her ravisher; but I am willing to take her word for it, that she acted wholly on principles of honour, though I think she might be reasonably touched at his generosity, which is often found amongst the Turks of rank.

'Tis a degree of generosity to tell the truth, and 'tis very rare that any Turk will assert a solemn falsehood. I don't speak of the lowest sort; for as there is a great deal of ignorance, there is very little virtue amongst them; and false witnesses are much cheaper than in Christendom, those wretches not being punished (even when they are publicly detected) with the rigour they ought to be.

Now I am speaking of their law, I don't know whether I have ever mentioned to you one custom peculiar to their country, I mean, *adoption*, very common amongst the Turks, and yet more amongst the Greeks and Armenians. Not having it in their power to give their estates to a friend or distant relation, to avoid its falling into the Grand Signior's treasury, when they

are not likely to have any children of their own, they chuse some pretty child of either sex, amongst the meanest people, and carry the child and its parents before the Cadi, and there declare they receive it for their heir. The parents, at the same time, renounce all future claim to it; a writing is drawn and witnessed, and a child thus adopted, cannot be disinherited. Yet I have seen some common beggars, that have refused to part with their children in this manner, to some of the richest among the Greeks; (so powerful is the instinctive affection that is natural to parents!) though the adopting fathers are generally very tender to these *children of their souls*, as they call them. I own this custom pleases me much better than our absurd one of following our name. Methinks 'tis much more reasonable to make happy and rich an infant whom I educate after my own manner, *brought up* (in the Turkish phrase) *upon my knees*, and who has learned to look upon me with a filial respect, than to give an estate to a creature without other merit or relation to me than that of a few letters. Yet this is an absurdity we see frequently practised.—Now I have mentioned the

Armenians, perhaps it will be agreeable to tell you something of that nation, with which I am sure you are utterly unacquainted. I will not trouble you with the geographical account of the situation of their country, which you may see in the maps; or a relation of their ancient greatness, which you may read in the Roman history. They are now subject to the Turks; and, being very industrious in trade, and increasing and multiplying, are dispersed in great numbers through all the Turkish dominions. They were, as they say, converted to the Christian religion by St Gregory, and are perhaps the devoutest Christians in the whole world. The chief precepts of their priests injoin the strict keeping of their lents, which are, at least, seven months in every year, and are not to be dispensed with on the most emergent necessity; no occasion whatever can excuse them, if they touch any thing more than mere herbs or roots (without oil) and plain dry bread. That is their constant diet.——Mr W——y has one of his interpreters of this nation, and the poor fellow was brought so low by the severity of his fasts, that his life was despaired of.

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Yet neither his master's commands, nor the doctor's entreaties (who declared nothing else could save his life,) were powerful enough to prevail with him to take two or three spoonfuls of broth. Excepting this, which may rather be called a custom, than an article of faith, I see very little in their religion different from ours. 'Tis true, they seem to incline very much to Mr Whiston's doctrine; neither do I think the Greek Church very distant from it, since 'tis certain, the Holy Spirit's proceeding *only* from the Father is making a plain subordination in the Son.——But the Armenians have no notion of transubstantiation, whatever account Sir Paul Rycant gives of them, (which account, I am apt to believe, was designed to compliment our court in 1679) and they have a great horror for those amongst them that change to the Roman religion. What is most extraordinary in their customs, is their matrimony; a ceremony, I believe, unparallel'd all over the world. They are always promised very young; but the espoused never see one another, till three days after their marriage. The bride is carried to church with a cap on her head,

in the fashion of a large trencher, and over it a red silken veil, which covers her all over to her feet. The priest asks the bridegroom, Whether he is contented to marry that woman, *be she deaf, be she blind?* These are the literal words : to which having answered, *yes*, she is led home to his house, accompanied with all the friends and relations on both sides, singing and dancing, and is placed on a cushion in the corner of the sofa; but her veil is never lifted up, not even by her husband. There is something so odd and monstrous in these ways, that I could not believe them, till I had enquired of several Armenians myself, who all assured me of the truth of them, particularly one young fellow, who wept when he spoke of it, being promised by his mother to a girl that he must marry in this manner, though he protested to me; he had rather die than submit to this slavery, having already figured his bride to himself, with all the deformities of nature.-----I fancy I see you bless yourself at this terrible relation. I cannot conclude my letter with a more surprising story; yet 'tis as seriously true, as that I am,

Dear sister, yours, &c. &c.

LETTER XLII.

To the Abbot of _____

Constantinople, May 19. O. S. 1718.

I AM extremely pleased with hearing from you, and my vanity (the darling frailty of human kind) not a little flattered by the uncommon questions you ask me, though I am utterly incapable of answering them. And, indeed, were I as good a mathematician as Euclid himself, it requires an age's stay to make just observations on the air and vapours. I have not yet been a full year here, and am on the point of removing. Such is my rambling destiny. This will surprise you, and can surprise no body so much as myself. Perhaps you will accuse me of laziness or dullness, or both together, that can leave this place, without giving you some account of the Turkish court. I can only tell you, that if you please to read Sir Paul Rycaut, you will there find a full and true account

of the viziers, the *beglerbys*, the civil and spiritual government, the officers of the seraglio, &c. things that 'tis very easy to procure lists of, and therefore may be depended on; though other stories, God knows-----I say no more-----every body is at liberty to write their own remarks; the manners of people may change; or some of them escape the observation of travellers; but 'tis not the same of the government; and, for that reason, since I can tell you nothing new, I will tell you nothing of it. In the same silence shall be passed over the arsenal and seven towers; and for mosques, I have already described one of the noblest to you very particularly. But I cannot forbear taking notice to you of a mistake of Gemelli, (though I honour him in a much higher degree than any other voyage-writer :) he says that there are no remains of Calcedon; this is certainly a mistake: I was there yesterday, and went cross the canal in my galley, the sea being very narrow between that city and Constantinople. 'Tis still a large town, and has several mosques in it. The Christians still call it Calcedonia, and the Turks give it a name I forgot, but which

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is only a corruption of the same word. I suppose this is an error of his guide, which his short stay hindered him from rectifying; for I have, in other matters, a very just esteem for his veracity. Nothing can be pleasanter than the canal; and the Turks are so well acquainted with its beauties, that all their pleasure-seats are built on its banks, where they have, at the same time, the most beautiful prospects in Europe and Asia; there are, near one another, some hundreds of magnificent palaces. Human grandeur being here yet more unstable than any where else, 'tis common for the heirs of a great three-tailed bassa, not to be rich enough to keep in repair the house he built; thus, in a few years, they all fall to ruin. I was yesterday to see that of the late Grand Vizier, who was killed at Peterwaradin. It was built to receive his royal bride, daughter of the present Sultan; but he did not live to see her there. I have a great mind to describe it to you; but I check that inclination, knowing very well that I cannot give you, with my best description, such an idea of it as I ought. It is situated on one of the most delightful parts of the canal, with a fine wood on the

side of a hill behind it. The extent of it is prodigious; the guardian assured me, there are eight hundred rooms in it; I will not, however, answer for that number, since I did not count them; but 'tis certain the number is very large, and the whole adorned with a profusion of marble, gilding, and the most exquisite painting of fruit and flowers. The windows are all fashed with the finest chrystaline glaſs brought from England; and here is all the expensive magnificence that you can suppose in a palace founded by a vain luxurious young man, with the wealth of a vast empire at his command. But no part of it pleased me better than the apartments destined for the bagnios. There are two built exactly in the same manner, answering to one another; the baths, fountains, and pavements, all of white marble, the roofs gilt, and the walls covered with Japan china. Adjoining to them are two rooms, the uppermost of which is divided into a sofa; and in the four corners are falls of water from the very roof, from shell to shell of white marble, to the lower end of the room, where it falls into a large basin, surrounded with pipes, that throw

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tip the water as high as the roof. The walls are in the nature of lattices; and, on the outside of them, there are vines and wood-bines planted, that form a sort of green tapestry, and give an agreeable obscurity to those delightful chambers. I should go on, and let you into some of the other apartments (all worthy your curiosity;) but 'tis yet harder to describe a Turkish palace than any other, being built entirely irregular. There is nothing that can be properly called front or wings; and tho' such a confusion is, I think, pleasing to the sight, yet it would be very unintelligible in a letter. I shall only add, that the chamber destined for the Sultan, when he visits his daughter, is wainscotted with mother of pearl, fastened with emeralds like nails. There are others of mother of pearl and olive wood inlaid, and several of Japan china. The galleries, which are numerous and very large, are adorned with jars of flowers, and porcelain dishes of fruit of all sorts, so well done in plaister, and coloured in so lively a manner, that it has an enchanting effect. The garden is suitable to the house, where arbours, fountains and walks, are thrown together in an

agreeable confusion. There is no ornament wanting, except that of statues. Thus, you see, Sir, these people are not so unpolished as we represent them. 'Tis true, their magnificence is of a different taste from ours, and perhaps of a better. I am almost of opinion, they have a right notion of life. They consume it in music, gardens, wine, and delicate eating, while we are tormenting our brains with some scheme of politics, or studying some science to which we can never attain, or, if we do, cannot persuade other people to set that value upon it we do ourselves. 'Tis certain, what we feel and see is properly (if any thing is properly) our own; but the good of fame, the folly of praise, are hardly purchased, and when obtained, a poor recompense for loss of time and health. We die or grow old before we can reap the fruit of our labours. Considering what short-lived weak animals men are, is there any study so beneficial as the study of present pleasure? I dare not pursue this theme; perhaps I have already said too much, but I depend upon the true knowledge you have of my heart. I don't expect from you the insipid railleries I should suffer from an-

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ther in answer to this letter. You know how to divide the idea of pleasure from that of vice, and they are only mingled in the heads of fools——But I allow you to laugh at me for the sensual declaration in saying, that I had rather be a rich Effendi, with all his ignorance, than Sir Isaac Newton with all his knowledge.

I am, Sir, &c, &c.

L E T T E R XLIV.

To the Abbot ——

Tunis, July 31. O. S. 1718.

I LEFT Constantinople the sixth of the last month, and this is the first post from whence I could send a letter, tho' I have often wished for the opportunity, that I might impart some of the pleasure I found in this voyage, thro' the most agreeable part of the world, where every scene presents me some poetical idea.

Warm'd with poetic transport I survey
 Th' immortal islands, and the well known sea;
 For here so oft the muse her harp has strung,
 That not a mountain rears its head unsung.

I beg your pardon for this fally, and will, if I can, continue the rest of my account in plain prose. The second day after we set sail, we passed Gallipolis, a fair city, situated in the bay of Chersonesus, and much respected by the Turks, being the first town they took in Europe. At five the next morning, we anchored in the Hellespont, between the castles of Sestos and Abydos, now called the Dardanelli. These are now two little ancient castles, but of no strength, being commanded by a rising ground behind them, which I confess I should never have taken notice of, if I had not heard it observed by our captain and officers, my imagination being wholly employed by the tragic story that you are well acquainted with :-

The swimming lover and the nightly bride,
 How Hero lov'd, and how Leander died.

Verse again !—I am certainly infected by the poetical air I have passed through. That of Abydos is undoubtedly very amo-

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rows, since that soft passion betrayed the castle into the hands of the Turks who besieged it in the reign of Orchanes. The Governor's daughter imagining to have seen her future husband in a dream (tho' I don't find she had either slept upon bride-cake, or kept St Agnes's fast) fancied she saw the dear figure in the form of one of her besiegers; and being willing to obey her destiny, tossed a note to him over the wall, with the offer of her person and the delivery of the castle. He shewed it to his general, who consented to try the sincerity of her intentions, and withdrew his army, ordering the young man to return with a select body of men at midnight. She admitted him at the appointed hour, he destroyed the garriſon, took the father prisoner, and made her his wife. This town is in Asia, first founded by the Milesians. Sestos is in Europe, and was once the principal city of Chersonesus. Since I have seen this strait, I find nothing improbable in the adventure of Leander, or very wonderful in the bridge of boats of Xerxes. 'Tis so narrow, 'tis not surprising a young lover should attempt to swim, or an ambitious king try to pass his army over it.

But then, 'tis so subject to storms, 'tis no wonder the lover perished, and the bridge was broken. From hence we had a full view of Mount Ida,

Where Juno once caress'd her amorous Jove,
And the world's master lay subdu'd by Love.

Not many leagues sail from hence, I saw the point of land where poor old Hecuba was buried, and about a league from that place is Cape Janizary, the famous promontory of Sigæum, where we anchored. My curiosity supplied me with strength to climb to the top of it, to see the place where Achilles was buried, and where Alexander ran naked round his tomb, in honour of him, which no doubt was a great comfort to his ghost. I saw there, the ruins of a very large city, and found a stone, on which Mr W——y plainly distinguished the words of *Sigan Polin*. We ordered this on board the ship, but were shewed others much more curious by a Greek priest, though a very ignorant fellow, that could give no tolerable account of any thing. On each side the door of this little church ly two large stones, about ten feet long each, five in breadth,

and three in thickness. That on the right is a very fine white marble, the side of it beautifully carved in bas-relief; it represents a woman, who seems to be designed for some deity, sitting on a chair with a footstool, and before her another woman, weeping and presenting to her a young child that she has in her arms, followed by a procession of women with children in the same manner. This is certainly part of a very ancient tomb; but I dare not pretend to give the true explanation of it. On the stone on the left side, is a very fair inscription; but the Greek is too ancient for Mr W——y's interpretation. I am very sorry not to have the original in my possession; which might have been purchased of the poor inhabitants for a small sum of money. But our captain assured us, that without having machines made on purpose, 'twas impossible to bear it to the sea-side, and when it was there, his long-boat would not be large enough to hold it.

The ruins of this great city are now inhabited by poor Greek peasants, who wear the Sciote habit, the women being in short petticoats, fastened by straps round their shoulders, and large smock-sleeves of white

linen, with neat shoes and stockings, and on their heads a large piece of muslin, which falls in large folds on their shoulders. One of my countrymen, Mr Sands, (whose book I doubt not you have read, as one of the best of its kind) speaking of these ruins, supposes them to have been the foundation of a city begun by Constantine, before his building Byzantium; but I see no good reason for that imagination, and am apt to believe them much more ancient.

We saw very plainly from this promontory, the river Simois rolling from Mount Ida, and running through a very spacious valley. It is now a considerable river, and is called Simores; it is joined in the vale by the Scamander, which appeared a small stream half choaked with mud, but is perhaps large in the winter. This was Xanthus amongst the gods, as Homer tells us; and 'tis by that heavenly name the nymph Oenone invokes it, in her epistle to Paris. The Trojan virgins used to offer their first favours to it by the name of Scamander, till the adventure which Monsi. de la Fontaine has told so agreeably, abolished that heathenish ceremony. When

the stream is mingled with the Simois, they run together to the sea.

All that is now left of Troy is the ground on which it stood; for I am firmly persuaded whatever pieces of antiquity may be found round it, are much more modern, and I think Strabo says the same thing. However, there is some pleasure in seeing the valley where I imagined the famous duel of Menelaus and Paris had been fought, and where the greatest city in the world was situated. 'Tis certainly the noblest situation that can be found for the head of a great empire, much to be preferred to that of Constantinople, the harbour here being always convenient for ships from all parts of the world, and that of Constantinople inaccessible almost six months in the year, while the north wind reigns.

North of the promontory of Sigæum we saw that of Rhæteum, famed for the sepulchre of Ajax. While I viewed these celebrated fields and rivers, I admired the exact geography of Homer, whom I had in my hand. Almost every epithet he gives to a mountain or plain, is still just for it; and I spent several hours here in as agree-

able cogitations, as ever Don Quixote had on mount Montefinos. We sailed next night to the shore where 'tis vulgarly reported Troy stood; and I took the pains of rising at two in the morning to view coolly those ruins which are commonly shewed to strangers, and which the Turks call *Eski Stamboul*, i. e. Old Constantinople. For that reason, as well as some others, I conjecture them to be the remains of that city begun by Constantine. I hired an ass (the only voiture to be had there) that I might go some miles into the country, and take a tour round the ancient walls, which are of a vast extent. We found the remains of a castle on a hill, and of another in a valley, several broken pillars, and two pedestals, from which I took these Latin inscriptions :

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 COL. IUL. PARIANAÆ. TRIBUN.
 MILIT. COH. XXXII. VOLUNTAR.
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 SCUBULORUM
 VIC. VIII.

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 TRIB. MILIT. XIII.
 GEM. PRAEF. &QUIT. ALAÆ. I.
 SCUBULORUM
 VIC. VII.

I do not doubt but the remains of a temple
 near this place, are the ruins of one de-
 dicated to Augustus; and I know not why
 Mr Sands calls it a Christian temple, since
 the Romans certainly built hereabouts.
 Here are many tombs of fine marble, and
 vast pieces of granate, which are daily les-
 sened by the prodigious balls that the
 Turks make, from them, for their cannon.
 We passed that evening the isle of Tenedos,
 once under the patronage of Apollo, as he
 gave it in himself in the particulars of his
 estate, when he courted Daphne. It is but
 ten miles in circuit, but in those days very
 rich and well peopled, still famous for its
 excellent wine. I say nothing of Tenes,

from whom it was called; but naming Myteline, where we passed next, I cannot forbear mentioning Lesbos, where Sappho sung and Pittacus reigned; famous for the birth of Alcæus, Theophrastus and Arion, those masters in poetry, philosophy and music. This was one of the last islands that remained in the Christian dominion after the conquest of Constantinople by the Turks. But need I talk to you of Catucufeno, &c. princes that you are as well acquainted with as I am? 'Twas with regret I saw us sail from this island into the Egean sea, now the Archipelago, leaving Scio (the ancient Chios) on the left, which is the richest and most populous of these islands, fruitful in cotton, corn and silk, planted with groves of orange and lemon trees, and the Arvisian mountain still celebrated for the nectar that Virgil mentions. Here is the best manufacture of silks in all Turkey. The town is well built, the women famous for their beauty, and shew their faces as in Christendom. There are many rich families; though they confine their magnificence to the inside of their houses, to avoid the jealousy of the Turks, who have a Bassa here: however, they enjoy a reason-

able liberty, and indulge the genius of their country;

" And eat, and sing, and dance away their time,
" Fresh as their groves, and happy as their clime."

Their chains hang lightly on them, tho' 'tis not long since they were imposed, not being under the Turk till 1566. But perhaps 'tis as easy to obey the Grand Signior as the state of Genoa, to whom they were sold by the Greek Emperor. But I forget myself in these historical touches, which are very impertinent when I write to you. Passing the strait between the islands of Andros and Achaia, now Libadia, we saw the promontory of Lunium, now called cape Colonna, where are yet standing the vast pillars of a temple of Minerva. This venerable sight made me think, with double regret, on a beautiful temple of Theseus, which I am assured was almost entire at Athens till the last campaign in the Morea, that the Turks filled it with gun-powder, and it was accidentally blown up. You may believe I had a great mind to land on the fam'd Peloponnesus, though it were only to look on the rivers of Asopus, Peneus, Inachus, and Eurotas, the fields of Arcadia,

and other scenes of ancient mythology. But instead of demi-gods and heroes, I was credibly informed, 'tis now over-run by robbers, and that I should run a great risque of falling into their hands by undertaking such a journey through a desert country, for which however I have so much respect, that I have much ado to hinder myself from troubling you with its whole history from the foundation of Nycana and Corinth to the last campaign there; but I check the inclination, as I did that of landing. We sailed quietly by cape Angelo, once Malea, where I saw no remains of the famous temple of Apollo. We came that evening in sight of Candia: it is very mountainous; we easily distinguished that of Ida.—We have Virgil's authority that here were a hundred cities.—

—“Centum urbes habitant magnas.”—

The chief of them----the scene of monstrous passions.---Metellus first conquered this birth-place of his Jupiter; it fell afterwards into the hands of-----I am running on to the very siege of Candia: and am so angry with myself, that I will pass by all the other islands with this general reflec-

tion, that 'tis impossible to imagine any thing more agreeable than this journey would have been two or three thousand years since, when, after drinking a dish of tea with Sappho, I might have gone, the same evening, to visit the temple of Homer in Chios, and passed this voyage in taking plans of magnificent temples, delineating the miracles of statuaries, and conversing with the most polite and most gay of mankind. Alas! art is extinct here; the wonders of nature alone remain; and it is with vast pleasure I observed those of Mount Ætna, whose flame appears very bright in the night many leagues off at sea, and fills the head with a thousand conjectures. However, I honour philosophy too much, to imagine it could turn that of Empedocles; and Lucian shall never make me believe such a scandal of a man of whom Lucretius says,

—“*Vix humana videtur stirpe creatus.*”—

We passed Trinacria without hearing any of the syrens that Homer describes, and, being thrown on neither Scylla nor Charybdis, came safe to Malta, first called Melita, from the abundance of honey. It

is a whole rock covered with very little earth. The grand master lives here in the state of a sovereign prince; but his strength at sea now is very small. The fortifications are reckoned the best in the world, all cut in the solid rock with infinite expence and labour.—Off this island we were tossed by a severe storm, and were very glad, after eight days, to be able to put in to Porta Farina on the African shore, where our ship now rides. At Tunis we were met by the English consul who resides here. I readily accepted of the offer of his house there for some days, being very curious to see this part of the world, and particularly the ruins of Carthage. I set out in his chaise at nine at night, the moon being at full. I saw the prospect of the country almost as well as I could have done by day-light; and the heat of the sun is now so intolerable, 'tis impossible to travel at any other time. The soil is, for the most part, sandy, but every where fruitful of date, olive, and fig trees, which grow without art, yet afford the most delicious fruit in the world. Their vineyards and melon fields are inclos'd by hedges of that plant we call

Indian fig, which is an admirable fence, no wild beast being able to pass it. It grows a great height, very thick, and the spikes or thorns are as long and sharp as bodkins; it bears a fruit much eaten by the peasants, and which has no ill taste.

It being now the season of the Turkish *ramadan*, or Lent, and all here professing, at least, the Mahometan religion, they fast till the going down of the sun, and spend the night in feasting. We saw under the trees, companies of the country people, eating, singing, and dancing to their wild music. They are not quite black, but all mulattoes, and the most frightful creatures that can appear in a human figure. They are almost naked, only wearing a piece of coarse serge wrapped about them.-----But the women have their arms, to their very shoulders, and their necks and faces, adorned with flowers, stars, and various sorts of figures impressed by gun-powder; a considerable addition to their natural deformity; which is, however, esteemed very ornamental amongst them; and I believe they suffer a good deal of pain by it.

About six miles from Tunis, we saw the remains of that noble aqueduct, which

carried the water to Carthage, over several high mountains, the length of forty miles. There are still many arches entire. We spent two hours viewing it with great attention, and Mr W-----y assured me, that of Rome is very much inferior to it. The stones are of a prodigious size, and yet all polish'd, and so exactly fitted to each other, very little cement has been made use of to join them. Yet they may probably stand a thousand years longer, if art is not made use of to pull them down. Soon after day-break I arrived at Tunis, a town fairly built of very white stone, but quite without gardens, which, they say, were all destroyed when the Turks first took it, none having been planted since. The dry sand gives a very disagreeable prospect to the eye; and the want of shade contributing to the natural heat of the climate, renders it so excessive, that I have much ado to support it. 'Tis true, here is every noon the refreshment of the sea-breeze, without which it would be impossible to live; but no fresh water, but what is preserved in the cisterns, of the rains that fall in the month of September. The women of the town go veiled from head to foot

under a black crape, and being mix'd with a breed of renegadoes are said to be many of them fair and handsome. This city was besieged in 1270, by Lewis king of France, who died under the walls of it, of a pestilential fever. After his death, Philip his son, and our prince Edward, son of Henry the III. raised the siege on honourable terms. It remained under its natural African kings, till betrayed into the hands of Barbarossa, admiral of Solymán the Magnificent. The Emperor Charles V. expelled Barbarossa, but it was recovered by the Turk under the conduct of Sinan Bassa, in the reign of Selim II. From that time till now, it has remained tributary to the Grand Signior, governed by a *Bey*, who suffers the name of subject to the Turk, but hath renounced the subjection, being absolute, and very seldom paying any tribute. The great city of Bagdat, is, at this time, in the same circumstances; and the Grand Signior connives at the loss of these dominions, for fear of losing even the titles of them.

I went very early yesterday morning (after one night's repose) to see the ruins of Carthage. — I was however half broiled

in the sun, and overjoyed to be led into one of the subterranean apartments, which they called, *The stables of the elephants*, but which I cannot believe were ever designed for that use. I found in many of them broken pieces of columns of fine marble, and some porphyry. I cannot think any body would take the insignificant pains of carrying them hither, and I cannot imagine such fine pillars were designed for the use of stables. I am apt to believe they were summer apartments under their palaces, which the heat of the climate rendered necessary. They are now used as granaries by the country people. While I sat here, from the town of *Tents* not far off, many of the women flocked in to see me, and we were equally entertained with viewing one another. Their posture in sitting, the colour of their skin, their lank black hair falling on each side their faces, their features, and the shape of their limbs, differ so little from their country-people the baboons, 'tis hard to fancy them a distinct race; I could not help thinking there had been some ancient alliances between them.

When I was a little refreshed by rest,

and some milk and exquisite fruit they brought me, I went up the little hill where once stood the castle of Byrsa, and from thence I had a distinct view of the situation of the famous city of Carthage, which stood on an isthmus, the sea coming on each side of it. 'Tis now a marshy ground on one side, where there are salt ponds. Strabo calls Carthage forty miles in circumference. There are now no remains of it, but what I have described; and the history of it is too well known to want any abridgement of it. You see, Sir, that I think you esteem obedience better than compliments. I have answered your letter by giving you the accounts you desired, and I have reserved my thanks to the conclusion. I intend to leave this place tomorrow, and continue my journey through Italy and France. In one of those places I hope to tell you by word of mouth, that I am,

Your humble servant, &c. &c.

L E T T E R XLV.

To the Countess of -----

Genoa, Aug. 28. O. S, 1718.

I BEG your pardon, my dear sister, that I did not write to you from Tunis, the only opportunity I have had, since I left Constantinople. But the heat there was so excessive, and the light so bad for the sight, I was half blind by writing one letter to the Abbot -----, and durst not go to write many others I had designed; nor indeed could I have entertained you very well out of that barbarous country. I am now surrounded with subjects of pleasure, and so much charmed with the beauties of Italy, that I should think it a kind of ingratitude not to offer a little praise in return for the diversion I have had here.-----I am in the house of Mrs D'Avenant at St Pierre d'Arena, and should be very unjust not to allow her a

* * *

share of that praise I speak of, since her good humour and good company have very much contributed to render this place agreeable to me.

Genoa is situated in a very fine bay, and being built on a rising hill, intermixed with gardens, and beautified with the most excellent architecture, gives a very fine prospect off at sea; though it lost much of its beauty in my eyes, having been accustomed to that of Constantinople. The Genoese were once masters of several islands in the Archipelago, and all that part of Constantinople which is now called *Galata*. Their betraying the Christian cause, by facilitating the taking of Constantinople by the Turk, deserved, what has since happened to them, even the loss of all their conquests on that side to those infidels. They are at present far from rich, and are despised by the French, since their doge was forced by the late king to go in person to Paris, to ask pardon for such a trifle as the arms of France over the house of the envoy, being spattered with dung in the night. This, I suppose, was done by some of the Spanish faction, which still makes up the majority here, though they dare not open-

ly declare it. The ladies affect the French habit, and are more genteel than those they imitate. I do not doubt but the custom of Cizibeis has very much improved their airs. I know not whether you ever heard of these animals. Upon my word, nothing but my own eyes could have convinced me there were any such upon earth. The fashion began here, and is now received all over Italy, where the husbands are not such terrible creatures as we represent them. There are none among them such brutes, as to pretend to find fault with a custom so well established, and so politically founded, since I am assured, that it was an expedient, first found out by the senate, to put an end to those family hatreds which tore their state to pieces, and to find employment for those young men, who were forced to cut one another's throats, *pour passer le temps*; and it has succeeded so well, that since the institution of Cizibei, there has been nothing but peace and good humour amongst them. These are gentlemen who devote themselves to the service of a particular lady (I mean a married one,) for the virgins are all invisible, and confined to convents:

They are obliged to wait on her to all public places, such as the plays, operas, and assemblies, (which are called here *Conversations*) where they wait behind her chair, take care of her fan and gloves, if she plays, have the privilege of whispers, &c. ———When she goes out, they serve her instead of lacqueys, gravely trotting by her chair. 'Tis their business to prepare for her a present against any day of public appearance, not forgetting that of her own name*; in short, they are to spend all their time and money in her service, who rewards them accordingly (for opportunity they want none) but the husband is not to have the impudence to suppose this any other than pure Platonic friendship. 'Tis true, they endeavour to give her a Cizibei of their own chusing; but when the lady happens not to be of the same taste, as that often happens, she never fails to bring it about to have one of her own fancy. In former times, one beauty used to have eight or ten of these humble admirers; but those days of plenty and hu-

* That is the day of the saint after whom she is called.

military are no more. Men grew more scarce and saucy, and every lady is forced to content herself with one at a time.

You may see in this place the glorious liberty of a republic, or, more properly, an aristocracy, the common people being here as arrant slaves as the French; but the old nobles pay little respect to the doge, who is but two years in his office, and whose wife, at that very time, assumes no rank above another noble lady. 'Tis true, the family of Andrea Doria (that great man, who restored them that liberty they enjoy) have some particular privileges. When the senate found it necessary to put a stop to the luxury of dress, forbidding the wearing of jewels and brocades, they left them at liberty to make what expence they pleased. I look with great pleasure on the statue of that hero, which is in the court belonging to the house of duke Doria. This puts me in mind of their palaces, which I can never describe as I ought.— Is it not enough that I say, they are most of them the design of Palladio? The street called *Strada Nova*, is perhaps the most beautiful line of building in the world. I must particularly mention the vast palaces

of Durazzo, those of the two Balbi, joined together by a magnificent colonade, that of the Imperiale at this village of St Pierre d'Arena, and another of the Doria. The perfection of architecture, and the utmost profusion of rich furniture are to be seen here, disposed with the most elegant taste, and lavish magnificence. But I am charmed with nothing so much as the collection of pictures by the pencils of Raphael, Paulo Veronese, Titian, Caracci, Michael Angelo, Guido, and Correggio, which two I mention last as my particular favourites. I own, I can find no pleasure in objects of horror; and in my opinion, the more naturally a crucifix is represented, the more disagreeable it is. These, my beloved painters, shew nature, and shew it in the most charming light. I was particularly pleased with a Lucretia in the house of Balbi; the expressive beauty of that face and bosom gives all the passion of pity and admiration, that could be raised in the soul, by the finest poem on that subject. A Cleopatra of the same hand, deserves to be mentioned; and I should say more of her, if Lucretia had not first engaged my eyes. — Here are also some inestimable ancient busts—

The church of St. Lawrence is built of black and white marble, where is kept that famous plate of a single emerald, which is not now permitted to be handled, since a plot, which they say, was discovered, to throw it on the pavement and break it; a childish piece of malice, which they ascribe to the king of Sicily, to be revenged for their refusing to sell it to him. The church of the Annunciation is finely lined with marble; the pillars are of red and white marble; that of St. Ambrose has been very much adorned by the Jesuits; but I confess all the churches appeared so mean to me, after that of Sancta Sophia, I can hardly do them the honour of writing down their names. But I hope you will own, I have made good use of my time, in seeing so much, since 'tis not many days that we have been out of the quarantine, from which no body is exempted coming from the Levant. Ours, indeed, was very much shortened, and very agreeably pass'd in Mrs D'Avenant's company, in the village of St Pierre d'Arena, about a mile from Genoa, in a house built by Palladio, so well designed, and so nobly proportioned, 'was a pleasure to walk in it. We were

visited here only by a few English, in the company of a noble Genoese, commissioned to see we did not touch one another.—I shall stay here some days longer, and could almost wish it were for my life; but mine, I fear, is not destined to so much tranquillity.

I am, &c. &c.

L E T T E R XLVI.

To the Countess of —

Turin, Sept. 12. O. S. 1718.

I CAME in two days from Genoa, through fine roads to this place. I have already seen what is shewed to strangers in the town, which indeed is not worth a very particular description; and I have not respect enough for the holy handkerchief, to speak long of it. The churches are handsome, and so is the king's palace; but I have lately seen such perfection of ar-

chitecture, I did not give much of my attention to these pieces. The town itself is fairly built, situated in a fine plain on the banks of the Po. At a little distance from it, we saw the palaces of La Venerie, and La Valentin, both very agreeable retreats. We were lodged in the Piazza Royale, which is one of the noblest squares I ever saw, with a fine portico of white stone quite round it. We were immediately visited by the Chevalier —, whom you knew in England, who with great civility begged to introduce us at court, which is now kept at Rivoli, about a league from Turin. I went thither yesterday, and had the honour of waiting on the Queen, being presented to her by her first lady of honour. I found her Majesty in a magnificent apartment, with a train of handsome ladies all dressed in gowns, amongst which it was easy to distinguish the fair Princess of Carignan. The Queen entertained me with a world of sweetness and affability, and seemed mistress of a great share of good sense. She did not forget to put me in mind of her English blood; and added, that she always felt in herself a particular inclination to love the English. I returned

her civility, by giving her the title of Majesty as often as I could, which perhaps she will not have the comfort of hearing many months longer.—The King has a great deal of vivacity in his eyes; and the young prince of Piedmont is a very handsome young man; but the great devotion which this court is at present fallen into, does not permit any of those entertainments proper for his age. Processions and masses are all the magnificence in fashion here; and gallantry is so criminal, that the poor Count of —, who was our acquaintance at London, is very seriously disgraced, for some small overtures he presumed to make to a maid of honour. I intend to set out to-morrow, and to pass those dreadful Alps so much talked of.— If I come to the bottom you shall hear of me.

I am, &c. &c.

1718 [110] 2
LETTER XLVII.

To Mrs T——.

Lyons, Sept. 25. O. S. 1718.

I RECEIVED, at my arrival here, both your obliging letters, and also letters from many of my other friends, designed to Constantinople, and sent me from Marseilles hither; our merchant there, knowing we were upon our return. I am surpris'd to hear my sister —— has left England. I suppose what I wrote to her from Turin will be lost, and where to direct I know not, having no account of her affairs from her own hand. For my own part, I am confined to my chamber, having kept my bed till yesterday, ever since the 17th, that I came to this town, where I have had so terrible a fever, I believed for some time, that all my journies were ended here; and I do not at all wonder that such fatigues as I have passed, should have such

an effect. The first day's journey from Turin to Novalesse, is through a very fine country, beautifully planted, and enriched by art and nature. The next day we began to ascend Mount Cenis, being carried in little seats of twisted osiers, fixed upon poles upon men's shoulders; our chaises taken to pieces and laid upon mules.

The prodigious prospect of mountains covered with eternal snow, of clouds hanging far below our feet, and of vast cascades tumbling down the rocks with a confused roaring, would have been entertaining to me, if I had suffered less from the extreme cold that reigns here. But the misty rains which fall perpetually, penetrated even the thick fur I was wrapped in; and I was half dead with cold before we got to the foot of the mountain, which was not till two hours after dark. This hill has a spacious plain on the top of it, and a fine lake there; but the descent is so steep and slippery, 'tis surprising to see these chairmen go so steadily as they do. Yet I was not half so much afraid of breaking my neck, as I was of falling sick; and the event has shewed that I placed my fears right.

The other mountains are now all passable for a chaise, and very fruitful in vines and pastures; amongst them is a breed of the finest goats in the world. Acquebellet is the last, and soon after we entered Pont Beauvoisin, the frontier town of France, whose bridge parts this kingdom and the dominions of Savoy. The same night we arrived late at this town, where I have had nothing to do, but to take care of my health. I think myself already out of any danger, and am determined that the fore throat, which still remains, shall not confine me long. I am impatient to see the curiosities of this famous city, and more impatient to continue my journey to Paris, from whence I hope to write you a more diverting letter than 'tis possible for me to do now, with a mind weakened by sickness, a head muddled with spleen, from a sorry inn, and a chamber crammed with mortifying objects of apothecaries vials and bottles.

I am, &c. &c.

LETTER XLVIII.

To Mr Pope.

Lyons, Sept. 28. O. S. 1718.

I RECEIVED yours here, and should thank you for the pleasure you seem to enjoy from my return; but I can hardly forbear being angry at you, for rejoicing at what displeases me so much. You will think this but an odd compliment on my side. I'll assure you, 'tis not from insensibility of the joy of seeing my friends; but when I consider that I must, at the same time, see and hear a thousand disagreeable impertinencies; that I must receive and pay visits, make curtesies, and assist at tea-tables, where I shall be half killed with questions: and, on the other part, that I am a creature that cannot serve any body but with insignificant good wishes; and that my presence is not a necessary good to any one member of my native country, I think I might much better have staid where ease and

quiet made up the happiness of my indolent life.—I should certainly be melancholy, if I pursued this theme one line farther. I will rather fill the remainder of this paper with the inscriptions on the tables of brass, that are placed on each side of the town-house.

I. TABLE.

Maerorum. nostr : : : : sui : : : : Equidem. primam. omnium. illam. cogitationem. hominum. quam. maxime. primam. occursum. mihi. provideo. deprecor. ne. quasi. novam. istam. rem. introduci. exhorrescat. sed. illa. potius. cogitetis. quam. multa. in. hac. civitate. novata. sint. et. quidem. statim. ab. origine. urbis. nostræ. in. quod. formas. statusque. res. p. nostra. diducta. sit.

Quondam. reges. hanc. tenuere. urbem. ne. tamen. domesticis. successoribus. eam. tradere. contigit. supervenere. alieni. et. quidam. externi. ut. Numa Romulo. successerit. ex. Sabinis. veniens. vicinus. quidem. sed. tunc. externus. ut. Anco. Marcio. Priscus. Tarquinius. propter. temeratum. sanguinem. quod. patre. de. marato. Corinthio. natus. erat. et. Tarquiniensi. matre. generosa. sed.

inopi. ut. quæ. tali. marito. necesse. habuerit.
succumbere. cum. domi. repelleretur. a. geren-
dis. honoribus. postquam. Romam. migravit.
regnum. adeptus. est. huic. quoque. et. filio.
nepotivæ. ejus. nam. et. hoc. inter. auctores.
discrepat. incertus. Servius. Tullius. si. no-
stros. sequimur. captiva. natus. Ocreia. si. Tus-
cos. cæli. quondam. vivennæ. sodalis. fidelis-
simus. omnisque. ejus. casus. comes. postquam.
varia. fortuna. exactus. cum. omnibus. reli-
quis. Cæliani. exercitus. Etruria. excessit.
montem. Cæliam. occupavit. et. a. duce. suo.
Cælio. ita. appellatus. mutatoque. nomine.
nam. Tusce. Mastarna. ei. nomen. erat. ita.
appellatus. est. ut. dixi. et. regnum. summa.
cum. reip. utilitate. obtinuit. deinde. post-
quam. Tarquini. Superbi. mores. invisi. civi-
tati. nostræ. esse. cœperunt. quo. ipsius. quæ.
filiorum. ejus. nempe. pertasum. est. mentes.
regni. et. ad. consules. annuos. magistratus.
administratio. reip. translata. est.

Quid. nunc. commemorem. dictaturæ. hoc.
ipso. consulari. imperium. valentius. reper-
tum. apud. majores. nostros. quo. in. aspe-
rioribus. bellis. aut. in. civili. motu. diffici-
liore. uterentur. aut. in. auxilium. plebis.
creatos. tribunos. plebei. quid. a. consulibus.

ad. decemviros. translatum. imperium. solu-
toque. postea. decemvirali. regno. ad. con-
sules. rursus. reditum. quid. im : : : v. ris.
distributum. consulare. imperium. tribunof-
que. militum. consulari. imperio. appellatos.
qui. seni. et. octonit. crearentur. quid. com-
municatos. postremo. cum. plebe. honores.
non. imperi. solum. sed. sacerdotum. quo-
que. jam. si. narrem. bella. a. quibus. cæpe-
rint. majores. nostri. et. quo. processerimus.
vereor. ne. nimio. insolentior. esse. videar. et.
quæ. sisse. jactationem. gloriæ. prolati. imperi.
ultra. oceanum. sed. illo. C. Porius. revertar.
civitatem.

II. TABLE.

: : : : : sane : : : : :
: : : : : nova : : : divus : aug : no :
lus. et. patruus. Ti. Cæsar. omnem. florem.
ubique. coloniarum. ac. municipiorum. bono-
rum. scilicet. virorum. et. locupletium. in.
hac. curia. esse. voluit. quid. ergo. non. Ita-
licus. senator. provinciali. potior. est. jam.
vobis. cum. hanc. partem. censuræ. meæ. ap-
probare. cæpero. quid. de. ea. re. sentiam.
rebus. ostendam. sed. ne. provinciales. qui-
dem. si. modo. ornare. curiam. poterint. reji-
ciendos. puto.

Ornatissima, ecce. colonia. valentissimaque. Riennensium. quam. longo. jam. tempore. senatores. huic. curiæ. confert. ex. qua. colonia. inter. paucos. equestris. ordinis. ornamentum. L. restinum. familiarissime. diligo. eo. hodieque. in. rebus. meis. detineo. cujus. liberi. fruuntur. quæso. primo. sacerdotiorum. gradu. post. modo. cum. annis. promoturi. dignitatis. suæ. incrementa. ut. dirum. nomen. latronis. taceam. et. odi. illud. pallescricum. prodignum. quod. ante. in. domum. consulatum. intulit. quam. colonia. sua. solidum. civitatis. Romanæ. beneficium. consecuta. est. idem. de. fratre. ejus. possum. dicere. miserabili. quidem. indignissimoque. hoc. casu. ut. vobis. utilis. senator. esse. non. possit.

Tempus. est. jam. Ti. Cæsar. Germanice. detegere. te. patribus. conscriptis. quo. tendat. oratio. tua. jam. enim. ad. extremos. fines. Galliæ. Narbonensis. venisti.

Tot. ecce. insignes. juvenes. quot. intueor. non. magis. sunt. pænitendi. senatorib. quam. pænitet. Persicum. nobilissimum. virum. amicū. meum. inter. imagines. majorum. suorum. Allorogici. nomen. legere. quod. si. hæc. ita. esse. consenti. is. quod. ultra. desideratis. quam. ut. vobis. digito. demonstrem. solum. ipsum. ultra. fines. provinciæ. Narbonensis.

jam. vobis. senatores. mittere. quando. ex. Ludguno. habere. nos. nostri. ordinis. viros. non. pœnitet. tîmide. quidem. p. c. egressus. adsueto. familiaresque. vobis. provinciarum. terminos. sum. sed. districte. jam. comata. Gallie. causa. agenda. est. in. qua. si. qui. hoc. intuetur. quod. bello. per. decem. annos. exercuerunt. divem. Julium. idem. opponat. centem. annorum. immobilem fidem. obsequiumque. multis. tripidis. rebus. nostris. plusquam. expertum. illi. patri. meo. Druso. Germaniam. subigenti. tutam. quiete. sua. securamque. a. tergo. pacem. prestiterunt. et. quidem. cum. ad. census. novo. tum. opere. et. in. adsueto. Galliis. ad. bellum. advocatus. esset. quod. opus. quam. arduum. sit. nobis. nunc. cum. maxime. quamvis. nihil. ultra. quam. ut. publicæ. notæ. sint. facultates. nostre. exquiratur. nimis. magno. experimento. cognoscimus.

I was also shewed, without the gate of St Justinus, some remains of a Roman aqueduct; and behind the monastery of St Mary, there are the ruins of the imperial palace, where the Emperor Claudius was born, and where Severus lived. The great cathedral of St John is a good Gothic building, and its clock much admired

by the Germans. In one of the most conspicuous parts of the town is the late king's statue set up, trampling upon mankind. I cannot forbear saying one word here, of the French statues (for I never intend to mention any more of them) with their gilded full-bottomed wigs. If their king had intended to express, in one image, *ignorance, ill taste, and vanity*, his sculptors could have made no other figure, so proper for that purpose, as this statue, which represents the odd mixture of an old beau, who had a mind to be a hero, with a bushel of curled hair on his head, and a gilt-truncheon in his hand.---The French have been so voluminous in the history of this town, I need say nothing of it. The houses are tolerably well built, and the Beile Cour well planted, from whence is seen the celebrated joining of the Soane and Rhone.

“ Ubi Rhodanus ingens amne prærapido fluit

“ Ararque dubitans quo suos fluctus agat.”

I have had time to see every thing with great leisure, having been confined several days to this town by a swelling in my throat, the remains of a fever, occasioned

by a cold I got in the damps of the Alps. The doctors here threaten me with all sorts of distempers if I dare to leave them; but I, that know the obstinacy of it, think it just as possible to continue my way to Paris with it, as to go about the streets of Lyons; and am determined to pursue my journey to-morrow, in spite of doctors, apothecaries, and sore throats.

When you see Lady R-----, tell her I have received her letter, and will answer it from Paris, believing that the place that she would most willingly hear of.

I am, &c. &c.

END of VOLUME THIRD.



